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This brief sentence, in which Lord Roberts modestly dismisses his part in that famous storming of the Shah-najaf at Lucknow, where, in final challenge to success, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, himself led the attack, gives the keynote to this Symphony "Eroica" in two volumes; for from start to finish the record contained in them is one of unbroken, buoyant disregard of difficulty, of irresistible good fortune. To proclaim this as the most salient feature of this delightful autobiography is not in any way to discount the ability, the untiring energy which has, as it were, seized on success and held it hard; it is simply to show the wisdom of Tommy Atkins in his devotion to the leader whom he loves, in reverent familiarity, to call "little Bobs." For, as the fighting legions of Rome held, good fortune is the first qualification of a soldier; and here we have a record of forty-one years' service without a scratch, without a greater shadow of reverse than that which compelled the British force to dignified retreat within the walls of Sherpur. And of that Lord Roberts can write, after eighteen years of fuller experience, that he has

"failed to discover that any disposition of my force different from what I made could have

had better results, or that what did occur could have been averted by greater forethought ... two deviations from my programme (which probably at the time appeared unimportant to the commanders in question) were the principal factors in bringing about the unfortunate occurrence."

The above extract, however, does not only serve to show the most striking feature of the book—namely, the well-founded and vigorous self-confidence which constitutes a leader of men—it also sets clearly before us the kindly, generous consideration for others which keeps these thousand and odd pages free from an unkind word—free even from merited blame—save, oddly enough, for one unhappy, and not altogether blame-worthy, civilian!

As an autobiography, then, Lord Roberts's book is a wholesome tonic, especially in these dismal winter days. As we follow the fortunes of a frank youngster to whom, ere he was five and twenty, the full confidence of such men as John Nicholson was apparently given; who bore a charmed life in the deadliest of campaigns; and who, when it was over, refused even to take the smallpox from which his room-fellow died, we feel that summer may come at any moment. We are in a world of miracles. Here is one:

"I desisted in the distance two Sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be captured. So I rode after the rebels. . . . While wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired; fortunately for me it missed fire, and I carried off the standard."

And, of course, a well-deserved Victoria Cross also.

Here is another:

"My greyhound put up an antelope—so close that Watson with his sword gashed his quarter. Off he started, and we after him full speed."

Two reckless lads, briefly, after a wounded quarry in an enemy's country, until, after some miles,

"we beheld moving towards us from our front a body of the enemy's cavalry. We were in an awkward position."

Very; for their horses had to be retreated slowly to give them a chance of regaining breath before the mad ride for life which seemed imminent—inevitable, indeed, when the enemy was seen to open out and prepare to charge.

"We thought our last hour was come . . . we bade each other good-bye . . . agreeing that neither was to wait for the other, when lo! the horsemen vanished as though the ground had opened and swallowed them. . . . What we had seen was simply a mirage."

As one reads this, hey presto! the dulness which has invaded one's very brain becomes a mirage also. The world grows young, and we are young too. The dictionary on the writing-table holds no such word as fail. We put on our goloshes cheerfully, and go out to buy yet one more wreath of bay for a man who, after doing brave deeds for forty years, can sit down and write of

them with a pen almost as skilful as his sword.

So much for the book as a mere autobiography. It has, however, a much more serious side as an account, at first hand, of the two most important events of later Indian history—the Mutiny and the Kabul war. Of the former it may be said, briefly, that while Lord Roberts adds many graphic touches to the well-known picture, it remains, in composition and chiaro-oscuro, very much as we have been accustomed to see it—namely, a sharply contrasted duel between virtue and vice, murder and manliness. This is to be deplored, since Lord Roberts—in a summary which appears from internal evidence to have been added later—admits freely that the famous cartridges were, at first, actually coated with the defiling tallow, and that therefore the commanding officers by denying this (in natural ignorance and disbelief of almost incredible fact) did give the Sepoys ample grounds for the panic-stricken distrust of their rulers' honesty, which led to the Mutiny. Had this and his other admissions regarding our lamentable lack of comprehension been incorporated with his account of the outbreak at Meerut, there would have been no possibility of their being overlooked or underestimated.

The extreme difficulty, however, of justly estimating the inner bearings of outward facts in the turmoil of '57 may be shown once and for all by Lord Roberts's strictly accurate account of the circumstances of Col. Spottiswoode's suicide. This officer, we gather from the narrative, shot himself when it became palpably necessary to disarm the regiment he had trusted. He did. Yet he did not shoot himself from disappointment in it, or despair at his own credulity. There was another factor in the tragedy, which Lord Roberts omits. He had, rightly or wrongly, given a solemn promise to his men that they should not be disarmed; and when—with a brigade marching on them for the purpose—they came to their colonel and upbraided him, there seemed no other course whereby to vindicate his own truth, his own honour. In this incident it will be observed the bare facts remain the same, but the knowledge of motive changes mere personal despair and moral cowardice into, maybe, a last supreme effort to make men believe and remain loyal. And so, to the present writer, it seems in many another incident. The balance is held justly enough; but the weights are made in England.

In the majority of cases, and, of course, in the purely military problems, it is perhaps right that this should be so. For instance, the question as to whether Meerut could have helped Delhi on that fatal night of May 10 is one on which Lord Roberts's opinion must carry great weight, though such weight is due solely to his subsequent experience as a commander, since he speaks only from hearsay. Perhaps he is right in holding that the forty—or thirty-five—miles of straight white road between Delhi and Meerut was an impassable barrier; but what of that shorter one? What of the twenty-five feet or so of metallised mall which lay between the north side of the

Meerut cantonment where two thousand Englishmen were bivouacked, and the south side where rooftrees were blazing, and women and children screaming for help? Surely someone might have been spared to still these cries and restore order in Meerut itself? Lord Roberts does not touch on this question, and perhaps he is right. It is a sorry subject, though in the face of all the concentrated valour of these two volumes it is one no Englishman need fear to ask.

The *pros* and *cons* of the assault on Delhi are, again, as debatable now as they were when all India hung on the verdict, and men like Hodson, Medley, Baird-Smith, and many another, hungered for advance; but of the fact that on June 8, after Badli-ki Sarai, Delhi was absolutely unprepared for assault or resistance, and that the fugitive Sepoys were running into the city with their message of defeat and out of it again by the southern gates there can be no possible doubt.

There is, however, one much-disputed point in the last scene of the Delhi drama on which Lord Roberts speaks with a degree of certainty and authority which cannot be overlooked.

"A report," he says, "was circulated that a large number of men . . . were disgracefully drunk. . . . I did not see a single drunken man throughout the day of the assault, although, as I have related, I visited every position held by our troops within the walls of the city."

This is very strong evidence, coming as it does from one who—it has been inferred by some critics—was specially sent round by Sir Archdale Wilson to report on the matter. It directly contradicts the accounts given by Capt. Ireland and a score of other eye-witnesses, and seems incompatible with Major Hodson's remark, written five days after the assault, that

"the troops were utterly demoralised by hard work and hard drink."

The natural inference, reconciling these statements, would be that the drunkenness occurred after the assault, were it not that Major Hodson directly attributes Nicholson's death—and that of four other officers killed during the assault—to this demoralisation. Again, we have the official fact that whatever report was made resulted in an urgent general order, dated the very morning after, directing the destroyal of all liquor to be found. And that—as the chaplain writes regretfully—despite the fact that wine and brandy were urgently needed for hospital work. So the truth must remain, like many another, with two sides to the shield.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book, however, is that where Lord Roberts gives his views as to the prospect of another mutiny, and of the present causes of dissatisfaction among the natives. And here it is curious to find his shrewdness hitting on one cause without his apparently knowing the reason of the objection. This is our Forest law. The fact being that any interference with fruit trees has in India been for ages the touchstone of tyranny on the part of a ruler, so that their taxation has come to be considered a legitimate rag of

revolt. Not long ago, for instance, before the marking of trees which a few years back caused so much alarm, this doctrine was largely preached about Benares by religious mendicants, and it is quite possible that the subsequent smearing of mangoes was an effort to make the populace believe that the trees were being marked with a view to taxation.

In regard to the remedy for these dissatisfactions Lord Roberts has much of solid good sense to say; but, in effect, all suggestions are subservient to a calm acceptance of the fact that there must needs be dissatisfaction. India at present may be best likened to a nursery during the periodical invasions of Master Tommy from school. Emancipated Tommy, free of tuck-shops, rebellious against kindly despotism, clamorous for jam at tea, railing against autocratic nurse, who with an eye to the future digestions of her younger charges declines to allow unlimited brandy-balls and general freedom. The result to the babes (who look up to Tommy as a glorified self) being tears. To quit simile, it is inevitable that our highly educated native youth should feel itself unduly limited; inevitable that those still in tutelage should join in like outcry. So, to a certain extent, our safety lies in autocracy, in remembering that the one *raison d'être* of our existence in India is tutelage.

There are many other topics touched on in these volumes which deserve a careful survey. The mere account of the celebrated march from Kandahar to Kabul would in itself require pages for adequate review. Lord Roberts himself, we observe, agrees with those who, while applauding it to the uttermost as a masterly exposition of what a picked force can do, fails to think it by any means his greatest achievement. And in this he shows his usual judgment. For, after all, Sir Donald Stewart's previous march from Kandahar to Kabul was more difficult. It was over a then unknown road, on which supplies, instead of being plentiful, were scarce, and in the teeth of opposition which culminated at Ahmed Kheyl. The difference in time—twenty-four as against sixteen days—may seem considerable, but it dwindles actually before the remembrance that the march was made, not by picked battalions, but by a force burdened by unnecessary camp followings, defective transport, and an elephant battery. It was, indeed, the slow progress of the latter over the passes which prompted Tommy Atkins's well-known conundrum as to its title No. 5, 11, of which the answer runs: "Beco's it starts at five in the mornin' and don't get in till eleven at night!"

Still, if military exploits are to be judged less by their intrinsic difficulty than by their value to the nation at large, there can be no doubt that merit as well as good fortune makes the name on the title-page of this stirring book Lord Roberts of Kandahar. In closing it we are left with a vague wonder as to how, in the piping times of peace which arbitration is introducing to the civilised world, we shall replace that stern teaching of danger and death which trained the men of whom we have just read with so much admiration.

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Common Thoughts on Serious Subjects: Addresses to Older Kumars of the Rajkumar College, Kathiawar. By the late Chester Macnaghten. (Murray.)

The Sermon on the Mount: a Practical Exposition. By Charles Gore, Canon of Westminster, &c. (Murray.)

It may not be at first sight evident why these two books should admit of being reviewed in one article. The late Mr. Chester Macnaghten, as principal of a college for the education of the sons of Rajput princes, delivered his addresses to an audience which did not profess the religion of himself and Canon Gore; he was severely debarred from the teaching of Christian doctrine: he could but appeal for the sanction of his moral precepts and counsels, urged upon young Hindus, to the name of "God," and to the higher meanings of that in their own faith. Canon Gore also is concerned solely with the moral law in wide practical application; but his purpose is to demonstrate the illumination and the potency given to the moral law through that dogmatic fact, Christ both human and divine. Mr. Macnaghten was restricted to a literary incidental use of Christian moral teaching; to quotation from Thomas à Kempis, or Robertson of Brighton, side by side with the sages and scriptures of ancient India, and from such indeterminate moralists of the West as Emerson, Carlyle, Arnold. Time and time again you feel his own longing to let his own definite Christianity break forth, and give its divine point to what he is saying; you see him comforting himself with the thought common to the nobler Christians of all ages, that God is nowhere and never without witness, even among idolatries and delusions of belief. Faith, Prayer, Duty, Gentleness, Truth, Courage, Friendship, Purity, Home, Time, Money, Manners—these and such like are his themes, treated with singular beauty and nobility of tone; they tend towards the formation of a chivalrous character in the descendants of proud and lawless princes: *noblesse oblige*, and Mr. Macnaghten expounds to the utmost the meaning of the words. The results of his long labours in the Rajkumar College of Kathiawar have been admirable: he has trained some of the truest gentlemen among the Rajput nobles of to-day not to be spurious Englishmen, but to be high-minded Hindus, public-spirited, refined, responsible. That Prince Ranjitsinhji was one of his pupils, in cricket as in other things, shows the wholesome and vigorous catholicity of his aims and powers. Reading this book, we think of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Rajput Chief of the Old School*:

"The English say I govern ill,
That laws must silence spear and gun,
So may my peaceful subjects till;
But peaceful subjects have I none.
I can but follow my father's rule;
I cannot learn in an English school;
Yet the hard world softens, and change is best,
My sons must leave the ancient ways,
The folk are weary, the land shall rest,
And the gods are kind, for I end my days."

These addresses are like the finest sermons, preached by the wisest masters, at any of the English public schools, in the strength and winningness of their morality, in knowledge of youth and of life, in the inspiration of the personality behind them: they are magnificent examples of "undenominational" religious teaching which leans upon the dogmatic facts of no creed, but upon the loftiest moral teaching of all creeds, in the universal name of God. And to Mr. Macnaghten himself, good as he saw his work to be, yet this inevitable vagueness or eclecticism was a sore grief: to take the best from the Vedas, the Bible, the Koran, the Stoics, the saints, the men of science and philosophy, the heroes and the poets, that he might establish a kind of ecumenical sanction and consensus for moral truths, which in Christianity alone found their plenary consecration—that troubled him. The moral sanctity of life, at home and abroad, the sense of personal and social responsibility, was what he chiefly impressed upon the young Kumars; and he could not, in honour, "rise to the height of that great argument" by appealing to the faith that was in him. He might speak of Christ, but only as he spoke of Socrates, Confucius, Mohammed, Buddha: he might call him godlike, but not God.

It is just here that Canon Gore has the unspeakable advantage over Mr. Macnaghten. There is not a clause in the Sermon on the Mount which cannot be paralleled from earlier sources: there is no teaching in it which Mr. Macnaghten has not pressed upon his Hindu pupils. And there are plenty of Christians who find in its "simple morality" the whole of Christianity. What matters, they say, *Homöousion* or *Homoiousion*: the Sermon on the Mount is enough. They ignore the fact that the Sermon derives its unique significance and palmary distinction from the Personality of the Preacher: they are "the Mountites," so called by the artist Samuel Palmer, because they "use our blessed Lord's sermon as a wall behind which to skulk, while they are throwing stones at St. Paul"—i.e., at dogmatic faith. Mr. Gore, bit by bit, scrutinises the teaching of the Sermon "in the light of the Incarnation," and of all its consequences regarding the relations of God and man. He is not content to take the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, the precepts of the Sermon as isolated utterances, disconnected from the whole province or kingdom of Christian belief; they must be interpreted according to the analogy of the faith, and made to yield their full contents in harmony with that. Mr. Gore is peculiarly successful in his reverent familiarising of Scripture, his treatment of it as the word of the Living Word, and therefore ever fresh, new, practical, applicable; he has none of that fatal slavery to the letter, which has turned oriental imagery and ancient custom into matter of literal observance for all time, whilst the inner soul and spirit are neglected. And it is upon social aspects of Christianity that he most dwells, since it is barely possible to conceive of any other; the Incarnation brought about a divine solidarity of mankind, as brother members of their Head, so that

what pantheism destroyed, while it desired—true union of God and man—has become operative and real in Christ. Here is the faith which Mr. Macnaghten held so firmly, yet could but adumbrate or suggest from afar to his Hindu listeners; a strength of personal union with the Divinity in a divine society, a fellowship in positive fact, neither metaphor nor a aspiration.

Mr. Gore's book, though richly suggestive, is slight in extent; and it prompts the wish that he would undertake a scientific study of Christian ethics and casuistry from his Anglican position. Anglican theology is poor, indeed, in this department: Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, Saunderson's *De Conscientia*, with a few more, are works of note; but this poverty is in strange contrast with the wealth both of English moral philosophy and of Roman Catholic moral theology. Casuistry has a bad name, which, *teste Christo*, does not prove it a bad thing: but we are all casuists every day. Casuistry is but the codification of moral laws, grouping instances and exceptions and qualifications under various heads, with appeals to authority and to precedent, yet with an eye to possibilities and new necessities, to cases that might or may arise. Mr. Gore, in his applications of first principles and permanent commandments to the circumstances of the age, is constantly throwing out subtle suggestions and adding noteworthy instances, which would come with greater force were they parts of a systematic treatise. For ethics are not simple at all; the ethical sense, the royalty of conscience, have an august simplicity in their essence; but the multitude and multiplicity of particular occasions for their exercise are far from simple. We want definitions, distinctions, differentiating and discriminating decisions.

When, if ever, is a lie not a lie? Both these books contain a special note upon that vexed famous question, and neither Mr. Gore nor Mr. Macnaghten, in discussion with his pupils, finds a satisfactory answer. May we tell a lie to misguide an intending murderer? Mr. Jowett, so Mr. Gore tells us, used to say: "I suppose I should tell the lie, but I had rather not think about it beforehand or justify it afterwards." Newman, characteristically, calls that "the unscientific way of dealing with lies," and states it in words almost identical with Mr. Jowett's: "It is a necessary frailty, and had better not be thought about before it is incurred, and not thought of again after it is well over." This view, he says, "cannot for a moment be defended, but, I suppose, it is very common." An Indian authority, quoted by Mr. Macnaghten, lays down the law that a lie for just cause is permissible, but the liar must "ask pardon of God." Doubtless, this particular question is a somewhat unique *crux* in ethics: but almost all moral questions admit easily and often of like entanglements. Cases of dual and divided duty, as in collision between Church and State, conscience and law, society and the individual, must admit of logical solution, if ethical science or moral theology be more than an academic theorising or abstract speculation. Rough-and-ready maxims do not help us in special cases: "The distressed general," says Mr. Stevenson,

"the baited divine, the hesitating author, decide severally to do what Napoleon, what St. Paul, what Shakespeare would have done; and there remains only the minor question, *What is that?*"

Broadly, we know the right thing to do; but it is hard to discern what allowances to make for the particular, peculiar, especial circumstances of the case in the form of it that confronts us. For in every instance of a moral problem there is some exceptional and individual element of uncertainty, which may be the most trifling of scruples, yet may also be the very core and kernel of the whole matter. Mr. Jowett, in his disheartening "Essay on Casuistry," writes: "A tender conscience is a conscience unequal to the duties of life." But a robust conscience is often one which rides rudely over half the delicacies and refinements of morality, declining to be "bothered with scruples." Modern commercial life, to say nothing of political, abounds in such convenient consciences. The complexity of life, which is ever increasing, requires an equivalent complexity or thorough catholicity of ethical doctrine. Mr. Gore gives us plenty of illustrations, and an excellent brief analysis of what the "new commandments" of Christianity entail upon us, what is the distinctive Christian character, habit of mind and soul, practical attitude towards the world and its circumstances: but we should greatly welcome something more detailed. Not, indeed, such a work as was done by the much maligned Jesuit Fathers of the seventeenth century, who wrote mainly in *usum confessorum*; yet a treatise of Christian ethics methodically, even dryly, handled. Sermons, and essays upon moral matters, are wont to be rather formative in tendency than informative: they quicken the conscience into a desire to do right, but they cannot help in the actual cases and necessities of action that severally present themselves. No doubt there are those who rely upon systematic ethical helps, as a traveller upon his guide-book, with no initiative of their own; but even that extreme is better than the extreme of indifference. It is significant that the First Council met to decide not a point of dogmatic faith, but of moral discipline: a point affecting "tender consciences." And no one can say that our times show any tendency to the sin of scrupulosity: rather, we are apt to trust in that vague thing, a progressive sense of moral obligation, a widening recognition of social responsibility in which a general good feeling, based upon sentiment, takes the place of a definite and authoritative Christian law. Christianity did not invent morality, but gave it a vivifying interpretation and expansion through the person and office of Christ. This, upon which Canon Gore insists, and which Mr. Macnaghten felt to be the salt and sustenance of moral training, is endangered by sole reliance upon the diffusion of philanthropic impulse. The realities which Canon Gore has, to use an old word, so well "expiscated" from the *Sermon on the Mount*, supply pith and sap to our wills: he lays them before us, not as mere beautiful sublimities or counsels of perfection, but as perdurable principles

which *must* have a meaning and a message for our day and its accidents. And for all the world as well as for those whose characters were so finely influenced by the strong and gentle character of Mr. Macnaghten.

A LADY-TRAVELLER IN AFRICA.

Travels in West Africa—Congo Français, Corisco, and Cameroons. By Mary H. Kingsley. Illustrated. (Macmillans.)

THIS is more than an ordinary book of travel. In the first place, Miss Kingsley's personal achievements are considerably above the average both in point of novelty and endurance; and in the second, the information which she conveys is a genuine and important contribution to our knowledge of the regions with which she deals.

In brief, Miss Kingsley has navigated without any European escort or attendant the dangerous course of the Upper Ogowé River; crossed the country between the Ogowé and the Rembwé, traversing forest and swamp and penetrating the villages of the cannibal Fans, where no white man, and not even a coloured trader, had set foot before her; and ascended the great Peak of Cameroons which rises for 13,760 feet above sea level. In this latter exploit she had been anticipated by twenty-seven persons, of whom two were of English blood. The more solid results of Miss Kingsley's excursions and investigations are conveyed partly in the form of appendices and partly in the form of the "subject" chapters with which her narrative is interspersed. The specimens of reptiles, fish, insects, plants and grasses, which she brought home with her, are duly classified and arranged in appendices by Dr. Günther and Mr. W. F. Kirby, both of the British Museum. She herself contributes appendices on "Trade and Labour," and "Disease," in West Africa. Within the 627 pages of the text are included her own observations of the manners, industries, language, and religious beliefs of the native tribes—especially the Fans—chiefly grouped in the chapters on "Fetish"; and an interesting account of the achievements of Du Chaillu and De Brazza, and of French administration and French ambitions in West Africa, is given in the chapter headed "Congo Français." The Cameroons, and other West Coast settlements, although they are not treated so fully, are not neglected.

It is impossible to do more than thus indicate in outline the ground covered by Miss Kingsley's volume; but it is both possible and desirable to add that the information which she gives is drawn from her own personal observation, and that she has twice visited the West Coast of Africa for considerable periods. In all cases she frankly states the evidence upon which she bases her conclusions; and, as a result of this frankness, the reader can benefit by her observations even when he is not disposed to adopt the conclusions which she suggests.

Miss Kingsley's central achievements were the navigation of the Ogowé rapids from Talagouga, and her subsequent expedition

by river and land from Kangwe through the Fan country to Agonjo, and thence down the Rembwé to Glass Gaboon on the coast. On both of these achievements we propose to say a word. The Ogowé river is the largest stream between the Niger and the Congo; and, according to the French, it is the largest "strictly equatorial" river in the world. Miss Kingsley tells us that it stretches for about 700 miles fairly neatly along the line, thus draining the central regions of the Congo Français. It is navigable for 200 miles from the coast by steamboats; but at this point—just above Njole—its course is traversed by the Sierra del Cristal range, and, owing to this circumstance, becomes for 500 miles a succession of perilous rapids barely navigable for canoes.

Up this region of the Ogowé rapids Miss Kingsley laboriously proceeded (from the French Mission at Talagouga) in a canoe with a crew of eight Igalwas, of whom two only could speak English. With this slender equipment she made her way up to the Kondo Kondo Island, and gazed upon the great Alemba rapid which rushes past its northern shore. Of this she writes:

"Its face was like nothing I have seen before. Its voice was like nothing I have heard. Those other rapids are not to be compared to it; they are wild, headstrong, and malignant enough, but the Alemba is not as they. It does not struggle, and writhe, and brawl among the rocks, but comes in a majestic springing dance, a stretch of waltzing foam, triumphant.

"The beauty of the night on Kondo Kondo was superb; the sun went down and the after glow flashed across the sky in crimson, purple, and gold, leaving it a deep violet-purple, with the great stars hanging in it like moons, until the moon herself rose, lighting the sky long before she sent her beams down on us in this valley. As she rose, the mountains hiding her face grew harder and harder in outline, and deeper and deeper black, while those opposite were just enough illumined to let one see the wefts and floating veils of blue-white mist upon them, and when at last, and for a short time only, she shone full down on the savage foam of the Alemba, she turned it into a soft silver mist. Around, on all sides flickered the fire-flies, who had come to see if our fire was not a big relation of their own, and they were the sole representatives, with ourselves, of animal life. When the moon had gone, the sky, still lit by the stars, seeming indeed to be in itself lambent, was very lovely, but it shared none of its light with us, and we sat round our fire surrounded by an utter darkness. Cold, clammy drifts of almost tangible mist encircled us; ever and again came cold faint puffs of wandering wind, weird and grim beyond description."

The return journey was still more dangerous. M'bo, Miss Kingsley's head man, prophesied evil, and although the canoe eventually reached Talagouga without mishap, he does not appear to have been unduly pessimistic.

"Twice," she writes, "we had a near call by being shut in between two pinnacle rocks, within half an inch of being fatally close to each other for us; but after some alarming scrunching sounds and creaks from the canoe, we were shot ignominiously out down river. Several times we got on to partially submerged table rocks, and were unceremoniously bundled off them by the Ogowé, irritated at the hindrance we were occasioning."

But Miss Kingsley appears to have enjoyed the boisterous conduct of the Ogowé; indeed, she seems to have enjoyed everything in West Africa—nature, the natives, and the wild beasts. She continues:

"The grandest part of the whole time was coming down, below the Alemba, where the whole great Ogowé takes a tiger-like spring for about half a mile before it strikes a rock reef below."

But here she allows that a little carefulness is desirable.

"All you have got to do is to keep your canoe-head straight—quite straight, you understand—for any failure to do so will land you the other side of the tomb, instead of in a cheerful no-end-of-a-row with the lower rapid's rocks."

In her expedition across the Fan country, Miss Kingsley started from Kangwe, a place on the north bank of the Ogowé, below Talagouga, and about 130 miles from the mouth of the river. She set off in a canoe rowed by four Ajumbas, and, making her way by various rivers, soon found herself among the homes of these unsophisticated savages. But by this time she had enlisted some of them in her service, and, in general, she appears to have got on excellently with them, staying in their villages, where the chiefs placed their dwellings at her disposal. Of the character of the Fans in these parts, she writes that their colour is light bronze, and their average height from five-feet six to five-feet eight.

"The Fan is full of fire, temper, intelligence and go; very teachable, rather difficult to manage, quick to take offence, and utterly indifferent to human life. I ought to say that other people who should know him better than I say he is a treacherous, thievish, murderous cannibal."

As it is plain from Miss Kingsley's narrative that she did run very considerable risks in placing herself entirely at the mercy of these people, it is interesting to trace the reasons of her success. Apparently she owed her safety to her coolness, her tact, and her refusal to show any sign of fear, even when she had excellent reasons for feeling alarm. This in the first place; and, secondly, she was careful to make herself a *persona grata* to these undisciplined savages by the exercise of a discreet generosity; by the custom of "shedding things," to use her own phrase. Speaking of the natives, she says:

"It is their custom to hang round one in their native wilds in the hope something will be shed, either intentionally or unintentionally. Not, I fancy, for the bald sake of the article itself, but from a sort of sporting interest in what the next thing shed will be. I know it is my chief charm to them, and they hang round wondering whether it will be matches, leaf-tobacco, pocket-handkerchiefs, or fish-hooks; and when the phenomena flag they bring me various articles for sale to try to get me into working order again."

In addition to her adventures with the Fans, Miss Kingsley passed through a dense tropical forest, and a still more embarrassing tropical swamp (where all the company had to wade neck-high in slimy water), before she eventually emerged at the factory at Agonjo, on the Rembwé, which formed the objective of her march. *En route*, it is

scarcely necessary to add, she had opportunities of studying crocodiles, elephants, hippopotami, and gorillas in their native haunts. After such experiences as these, dropping down the Rembwé to the coast was pleasant work; and it was now that Miss Kingsley had her most delightful bit of tropical travel:

"Much as I have enjoyed life in Africa," she writes, "I do not think I ever enjoyed it to the full as I did on those nights dropping down the Rembwé. The great, black, winding river with a pathway in its midst of frosted silver where the moonlight struck it: on each side the ink-black mangrove-walls, and above them the band of star and moonlit heavens that the walls of mangrove allowed one to see. Forward rose the form of our sail, idealised from bedsheetdom to glory; and the little red glow of our cooking fire gave a single note of warm colour to the cold light of the moon."

Before concluding this brief account of a very interesting and singularly instructive book, it is necessary to say a word or two on Miss Kingsley's literary manner. The passages quoted above show that her descriptive writing often reaches a very high standard of merit. At the same time, in recording her personal experiences and sensations, she frequently adopts a style which is frankly colloquial. Here she exhibits a keen sense of humour, and a considerable aptitude for the dramatic presentation of incident; and it is these passages, in which she allows her personal characteristics to appear most clearly, which will give the book its special charm for the average man or woman. In respect of production, the book is well supplied with useful illustrations, but it lacks a map. This is a serious oversight, as the Congo Français is practically an unknown land in British atlases.

THE AMERICAN AT HOME.

The Land of the Dollar. By G. W. Stevens. (Blackwood.)

"If Africa begins at the Pyrenees and Asia at Budapest, then America begins on the departure platform at Euston. There, at least, it began on the blazing 29th of August, when, an obscure and perplexed Columbus, I started on a voyage of discovery to America."

It is thus Mr. Stevens begins his book, and we cannot do better by way of an opening than add something to his insufficient description of himself. Perplexed he may have been, this Columbus, but also he was clear-sighted in an unusual degree, well instructed in affairs, keen-witted, humorous, devoid of superstitions, and gifted with a singularly trenchant style. Moreover, however obscure Columbus might have been in August, he is so no longer; he takes his place in the first rank of descriptive writers and social observers. This book grew from the circumstance that the proprietor of the *Daily Mail*, with an enterprise that hitherto has been more associated with the penny than the halfpenny, dispatched Mr. Stevens to America to watch the recent election, and record his impressions generally. Mr. Stevens, though an experienced journalist, had not, we believe, done similar work

before; indeed, we have a notion that his most brilliant efforts previously had been a series of high-spirited paragraphs concerning passages in the life of Jane Cakebread, and a collection of witty and penetrating *Monologues of the Dead*, whilst he bore a reputation for scholarship and political sagacity. Mr. Harmsworth, however, selected his correspondent wisely. *The Land of the Dollar* more than justifies his action: it is always the best journalism, and now and again very good literature.

The keynote of the American character, Mr. Stevens says somewhere, is its irresistible impulse to impress all its sentiments externally by the most obvious medium; and Mr. Stevens has caught the habit. As an observer he takes always the line of least resistance, and, having instinct, his illustrations are impregnable. Here, for example, is a passage which conveys more meaning than would a whole chapter of description. In a train at Pittsburgh Mr. Stevens met Mr. McKinley's brother:

"Of his discourse it is not needful to speak; it was shrewd and good-humoured rather than grammatical. He was not unmindful of the spittoon. He talked quite freely about his celebrated brother, and he talked to everybody who liked to talk with him. The waiters in the dining-car chaffed him, and the conductor slapped him on the back. This morning I met him again in a Canton newspaper office; he was diverting his mind with a little larking among the reporters. Now, do try to imagine it. When you can conceive the brother of the man who has more than an even chance of becoming the first citizen among sixty millions larking with provincial newspaper reporters and slapped on the back by the conductor of a railway train—why, then you will be a good step on towards the comprehension of the United States of America."

Such concrete illustrations are exactly what the reader needs.

Mr. Stevens saw something of everything; but he does not fall into that common error of "G. T.'s": the confusion of fact and personal impression. He is careful to remind the reader that *The Land of the Dollar* describes America merely as Mr. Stevens saw it. And he used his eyes well both for large things and small. He describes Chicago and table fish; naval resource and dairy farms; the case for silver and the case for gold; Mormonism and domestic servants; Boston and the Chinese quarter; Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan; Niagara and Mr. Wanamaker's store. His mind is always made up. On the negro problem he speaks with decision; and this is his opinion concerning the strained relations between America and this country:

"I think the question we ought to ask ourselves is this, Are we prepared to fight the United States immediately, or are we prepared to take such steps as shall prevent us from fighting them ever? These are the alternatives. . . . It may be asking too much, but if statesmanship could kindly arrange it, I confess I should like to see before I die a war in which Britain and the United States in a just quarrel might tackle the world. After that we should have no more difficulty about America. For if the Americans never forget an injury, they would ever remember a service."

A representative example of Mr. Stevens's lighter descriptive manner is found in this note of an adventure in a Prohibition State, where, after witnessing a disappointing election,

"the only diversion left was to break the Maine Liquor Law. It was put into my head by the genial salutation of a gentleman who could only just keep on his legs. In Maine, as you know, the buying and selling of alcoholic liquor is unconditionally forbidden under I do not quite know what penalty. I thought I would try to incur that unknown penalty. Bethinking me that the barber is the friend of man, I went in and was shaved. 'You can't buy a drink here, I'm told,' I began. 'No,' said the barber, stolidly. 'I suppose people do, though.' 'I don't know much about it. I fancy there's a druggist or two —.' Then, as if by a powerful effort of memory, 'There's a bar right here where you can get it,' he said."

If Mr. Stevens's book reminds us of any one it is Mark Twain, in the *Innocents at Home*, where he describes the Sandwich Islands, and in parts of the *Innocents Abroad*. There is the same shrewd common sense and absence of that embroidered egoism which made some of the late Mr. Sala's descriptive journalism such trying reading. Mr. Stevens, however, is a more responsible observer than Mark Twain has ever permitted himself to be. The only kindred work quite comparable with *The Land of the Dollar* is the series of letters on America contributed by Mr. Kipling to the *Times*, which, by the way (since Mr. Kipling seems to have left that country for good), might now very well be published in book-form. Mr. Stevens's point of view is more literary and academic than Mr. Kipling's; although one could hardly ask for a more human examination of a country than *The Land of the Dollar* gives us.

We conclude by quoting the following preamble to the chapter devoted to Chicago:

"Chicago! Chicago, queen and guttersnipe of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world! Not if I had a hundred tongues, everyone shouting a different language in a different key, could I do justice to her splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, girdled with a two-fold zone of parks and slums; where the keen air from lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, and the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat; the great port a thousand miles from the sea; the great mart which gathers up with one hand the corn and cattle of the West, and deals out with the other the merchandise of the East; widely and generously planned with streets of twenty miles, where it is not safe to walk at night; where women ride straddlewise, and millionaires dine at mid-day on the Sabbath; the chosen seat of public spirit and municipal hoodle, of cut-throat commerce and munificent patronage of art; the most American of American cities, and yet the most mongrel; the second American city of the globe, the fifth German city, the third Swedish, the second Polish, the first and only veritable Babel of the age; all of which twenty-five years ago . . . was a heap of smoking ashes. Where in all the world can words be found for this miracle of paradox and incongruity?"

Whether Mr. Stevens's reader knows America, or whether he does not, no page of *The Land of the Dollar* can fail to interest him.

PICKLE THE SPY.

Pickle the Spy; or, the Incognito of Prince Charles. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans & Co.)

THIS "woeful history," as Mr. Lang calls it, is the fruit of the study of the Pelham Papers. It contains curious and interesting revelations on two points. First, it brings strong proof (and it is so strong that we confess it seems to us difficult to suppose it can be overthrown) that the spy who calls himself "Pickle," "Alexander Jeanson," &c., Henry Pelham's correspondent, the young chevalier's confidant, is none other than young Glengarry himself—Alastair Ruadh Macdonnell, sometime captain in the Scots Brigade in French service—who died, unmarried, December 23, 1761. It is a horrid thing that "a gentleman of ancient, loyal, and honourable family" should have been capable of descending to such vile treachery simply for lack of spending-money, and in hopes of such rewards as a Government in the Georgian period could give to a useful tool. Poor James Mór, a broken man with ruin to look to and grave dangers about him, might sink to play a double game, but this unutterable scoundrel was not at all in the same hopeless position. Exactly how it was, what was the precise bait that could seem fair enough to make him sully his mean soul in so disgusting a way, we know not. We can only suspect that it was no sudden fall. He begins by what is uncommonly like stealing, "conveying," at the least, it was, and conveying by means of forgery. He is alleged to have "felt the folly of any further concern with the ungrateful family of Stuart, to whom he and his family had been too long attached, to the absolute ruin of themselves and country"; but it is a long way from this defensible position to the degradation of daily betrayal of a man whose misfortunes at least deserved pity, and whose generous confidence was ill-repaid by such cold treason. That there it a Ganelon for every Roland, a Mordred for every Gawain, is an old idea, drawn probably from the observation of the heights of devotion and the depths of treachery that were to be found in feudal times, sometimes even in the same family. But even with a knowledge of the recent revelations of Mr. FitzGerald, one was hardly prepared to find that the heir-apparent of a great Highland clan could bring himself to a lower level than "the man that betrayed Lord Edward."

Mr. Lang has worked out his evidence in an entertaining way, and succeeds in making one follow a somewhat intricate story with swift and shuddering interest. It is in tracking out Glengarry's devious career that our author came upon the true secret history of the obscurest part of Charles Edward's life—the great Prussian intrigue, which was preparing in 1752, when Archibald Cameron went on his last mission to Scotland to concert measures for a third attempt to overthrow the Hanoverian family in favour of the elder branch. But Samuel Cameron and Pickle had made the English Government privy to all that went on in the counsels of the "young Ascanius," and it was evident more and more that Charles's own

character and powers were deteriorating, through drink, ill friends, bad advice, and the continual deferring of hope. France and Prussia were ready to use him or cast him off as it suited their shifty politics. His last chance came in 1759, and that was but a poor one, and Hawke swept it away. He was in England for the last time in disguise in 1763. He had overtures from America in 1778. He had stray gleams of hope to the last, but his "reign" was passed in all the misery exile brings, and in a squalid, shabby, physical degradation one hardly likes to dwell on, so sad were all the circumstances that combined against a man who had been endowed with all the gifts of nature except wisdom, and had undergone all the evil misfortune sends but dishonour. One more feeble, gracious, futile life, and the last flower of the White Rose fell.

Pickle seems to have played traitor to the last; a bad chief, a greedy landlord, a character with scarce a redeeming point save animal courage, as far as we can see, in which the chief traits are vanity, greed, and deceit. Yet this man

"in the government of the world," as Mr. Lang puts it, "served England well. But for him there might have been another Highland rising, and more fire and bloodshed. But for him the Royal Family might have perished in a nocturnal brawl. Only one man, Archibald Cameron, died through Pickle's treasons. The Prince, with whom he drank and whom he betrayed, had become hopeless and worthless. The world knows little of its greatest benefactors, and Pickle did good by stealth. Now his shade may or may not 'blush to find it fame,' and to be placed above Murray of Broughton, beside Menteith and Assyut, legendary Ganelons of Scotland."

There is, of course, much else of pleasant reading and revelation of character in this volume. We are presented to Madame de Talmont and her friends Madame de Vassé and Mlle. de Ferrand in the convent of St. Joseph, and our poor prince's hiding-places; to the Walkinshaw, whose influence does not seem to have been good from a political point of view. Mr. Lang himself has rarely written a more enticing book for anyone who cares about the scenes and characters that Scott and Thackeray have gilded with romance. We may place this volume, indeed, beside *Catriona*, which it completes and justifies in an amazing way. There must have been a temptation to make a novel out of this mass of new and startling material, but it was rightly resisted, and, after all, there are few novels so interesting and suggestive as this true story.

We would urge upon Mr. Lang the task he would fain commit to others—the life of the Old Chevalier: he could do it so well that we hope he will, sometime, undertake it. Lost causes have a pathos of their own, and this of the Stuarts has special claims upon a poet and a Scot. The story is pitiful, and it has been "mellowed by the stealing hours of time" till one can listen to it undisturbed by the jarring notes that have now ceased to vex its sad harmony. Mr. Lang has told part of it—why does he not complete it by the history of the "15, the 45, and of those long weary deserts of exile of which these were the sole bright but unfruitful oases"?

SOME SCIENCE TEXT-BOOKS.

This Wonderful Universe. By Agnes Giberne. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)—This little book has been written with the intention of awakening a greater interest in popular astronomy. With this end in view the authoress has mentioned only the most important facts, and has avoided crowding her pages with statistics. The work has little pretension to style, its sole aim being to make the subject interesting and easily intelligible. In this direction success has been achieved.

The Story of Forest and Stream. By James Rodway. (George Newnes.)—This volume contains a short description of a tropical forest, together with some elementary lessons which can be learned by studying the incessant struggle for existence of its varied flora. Mr. Rodway's opinions on the development of alkaloids and kindred substances are more advanced than the evidence appears to warrant. These and similar ideas, however, serve rather to increase than diminish the interest of a book, the reader of which must be very languid if he fail to catch some of the author's enthusiasm.

Mensuration for Beginners. By F. H. Stevens, M.A. (Macmillans.)—This book can be thoroughly recommended to the beginner, as its contents, which are based upon the requirements of the "Code," are both simple and concise. The rules are stated verbally as well as algebraically, and the rudiments of geometrical drawing are also explained, so that a knowledge of arithmetic is the only necessary preliminary. A good feature is the inclusion among the examples of questions for graphic solution.

Experimental Science. By Arthur Hubble. (Chapman & Hall.)—The author of this book is a Science Demonstrator under the London School Board, and a teacher of Technology in connexion with the City and Guilds Institute. His first aim has been, therefore, to produce a text-book which should assure a competent training in experimental methods for pupils in the elementary schools. We have looked through several chapters, such as those on weights and measures, relative densities, heat, and mechanical principles, and have no fault to find with the simple yet thorough way in which the experiments are described. Following each section are easy exercises bearing upon the subject matter.

A New Course of Experimental Chemistry. (Revised edition.) By J. Castell-Evans. (Thomas Murby.)—This book contains much that is suggestive to the teacher, but to junior students it will be of little use, though doubtless its difficulties are somewhat lessened by the publication of a key. The carefully arranged experiments would be greatly improved by a fuller description, and this would also prevent the necessity of referring the pupil to an (?) Appendix ("App."), which is apparently another publication. This practice is the more to be deprecated as the book seems designed for the poorer class of students.

FICTION.

The Red Scour. By P. Anderson Graham.
(Longmans.)

MR. GRAHAM calls his story "a novel of manners," and so it is in so far as he depicts manners and men belonging to an order of things which is rapidly passing away. Strictly speaking, there is very little plot in it, and some of the characters are but faintly realised. When this is said fault-finding is exhausted, and we have nothing but praise for the book, which does for Northumberland something of what Mr. Barrie has done for Forfarshire. It is written by one who has evidently a fervent love of nature. The bits of natural description scattered through the volume are delightful reading. There is nothing so easy, and yet nothing so difficult, as this kind of writing; but Mr. Graham is an easy master of it. Of the characters in the story one stands out beyond all the others inviting admiration. This is Billy White, the thriftless, reckless, jovial, self-satisfied yeoman. He is a splendid figure, and Mr. Graham is to be congratulated on having given the world a picture of a man not unworthy of Fielding. Once you get to know Billy White you can't forget him. He is full of vital energy; he fills your eye, his voice is in your ear, you can almost feel his hand upon your shoulder. Some of his exploits are on a big scale, and although he is sometimes vanquished, as in his great bout with the landlord of the "Talbots," yet, like all great men, he is not on that account unduly cast down. There is not another character in the book to compare with him, because it would be impossible to have two Billy Whites in the same book, they would destroy each other. But some of the other characters are drawn with no less skill. The brothers Harbottle are extreme types of character, but you are convinced of the truthfulness of the portraiture. The younger people are not so satisfactory. Lil, Billy White's daughter, begins well, and you expect the author is going to make something fine of her, but she falls off when she begins to do up her hair, and it is not easy to understand her exact relations with the three young men who are all in love with her. And we are far from being pleased with her final choice. Mark Harbottle was hardly the young man to become son-in-law to Billy White, as that worthy fully recognised. Yet of him you must say what you feel is true of all Mr. Graham's characters, that he is drawn from life. There is always the danger, of course, that in being true to nature you may miss being true to art. With the exception of Billy White, Mr. Graham has not idealised any of his characters. *The Red Scour* is a novel of manners with one full-drawn, artistically realised character. The manners are admirably depicted, the book has style, and Billy White is a great character.

The Story of Hannah. By W. J. Dawson.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHAT is one to say of a book of which chapters i., iii., and xxii. are autobio-

graphical, while the rest are mainly impersonal narrative? The fact is, it is better to judge *The Story of Hannah* as a series of sketches on the Thrums model than as a novel. By this means you avoid the necessity of ransacking Mr. Dawson's agglomeration of incidents in search of a plot, and can devote yourself to the more agreeable task of studying the fine gallery of portraits which he has drawn. The characterisation is as good as the construction is faulty. An acquaintance to be cherished is the Rev. William Romilly, who ministers to the spiritual necessities of South Barton in a red-brick chapel, which stands "with an air of obstinacy" at the end of a narrow lane. What the Scotch would call a "dour" man, he tones down the pretentiousness of "Georgiana" to "Hannah"; he won't have his house corrupted by "Adam Bede"; he is so excessively perverse that his daughter knows the only way to get him in to tea from the garden is *not* to send for him; he forbids his wife and daughter to go up to the attic and cry over the dead baby's toys, and yet does so himself. Then there is the Rev. Mr. Scaley, who preaches that Madagascar is off the coast of India, and excuses himself on the ground that "it doesn't matter so long as the spirit is right"; Pugh, the grocer, prone to conspiracies in his back parlour; and the pathetic figure of the overworked, faithful, uncomplaining wife—all of them are drawn with a pen which illumines and a sympathy which touches. Not the least characteristic passage in the book is the description in the first chapter of the childish apprehension aroused by the "selling-up" of a local grocer:

"We remembered that neither of us had received our pocket money that week, in which circumstance we discerned the indubitable shadow of our fate. 'We are bankrupt,' cried Mary. 'We banrap,' echoed Philip. The horrid word beat upon the brain night and day. We watched the meals with an anxiety not born of appetite, and compared notes in the woodshed after dinner, keen to observe if there had been any falling off in quantity. The vision of an undiminished Saturday joint excited us to ecstasy; a piece of bread and butter less than usual plunged us into despair. We crept into one bed at night and lay close together, in the miserable conviction that we should not long have a bed to lie on."

Wide Asunder as the Poles. By Arthur Crump. (Longmans.)

If this is Mr. Crump's first book, it must be pronounced a very promising one indeed. It is too full of material, and accordingly lacks symmetry; there is also a great deal too much moralising in it on the part of the author, and his remarks are not always so original as he may imagine. But the book is interesting from first to last, the characters are well drawn and consistent with themselves, and the story is new. The author takes a very long time to get under weigh, but when he is at last fairly started the action is rapid enough. The first part of the book contains a very full, rather too full, account of Sweden and the Swedes. The greater portion of this part

of the story is quite inessential; for after the hero has married his Swedish wife we hear no more of Sweden. The treatment she received in England at the hands of her husband was very bad, but in the end she was able to pay him back in full. One regrets that she did not err on the side of mercy. Mr. Crump does not explain how in the final scene Miss Muriel Wilcox manages to be present, yet we imagine that few things were impossible to that energetic young woman. There are little blanks in the story and some mistakes, but it has many good qualities.

A Tangled Garden. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

If you are prepared to admit that a child of five will say to his father, "Tum on; zoo and I is men and must det to work," or "Farzer, if I lose zoo I lose my heart"; or that he will cry at the discovery that he has no mother, never having heard the word before, you will have one obstacle the less to the appreciation of Mrs. Fred Reynolds's story. The hero, too, grows a little tiresome. He is a man with a Past; and little Robin is its legacy. Past seems to spoil heroes as well as heroines. Dennis Ackroyd speaks much against Fate. But when a man has betrayed another man's wife, and is deliberately breaking a girl's heart, he has no right to complain if he finds the latter process a little irksome. He has still less right to lecture a better man than he on the errors of atheism. The story of the child's life and death is told with a simplicity which has its reward in an occasional pathos.

The Men of Harlech. By Wirt Gerrare.
(Ward & Downey.)

THE average novel reader taking up this book will probably lay it down in dismay after ten minutes. He will find it difficult to be interested in persons who spell their names Gwylym and Sianeyn and Dafydd ap Evan ap Einion, and live at places like Gyffiliog and Cors-y-Gedol. He cannot easily transport himself to an epoch so unfamiliar as Wales during the Wars of the Roses. He will feel, and quite rightly, that the first part of the story is tedious beyond the necessary tediousness of explanations. All this is a pity, because there is a wholesome breeziness about Mr. Gerrare's tale of the old world. The reader who has patience till the beginning of the Siege of Harlech will certainly not lay down the book till the end. Whose pulse will not beat quicker as he reads of the first cannon which woke the echoes of Harlech, and the terror which it spread within the castle walls? And that flight under the escort of the uncanny Myfanwy, through bog and shifting sand, along underground passages and frightful caverns, on magic stones which no arrow can reach, down the river with a galley in close pursuit, is developed with an intensity worthy of Charles Reade. Everything that bloodshed and adventure and mystery can do to make our flesh creep Mr. Gerrare does. Next time he should remember we are not all Welsh.

Fortune's Fingers. By A. E. Wickham. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THIS book sets one thinking of what Charlotte Brontë might have done if she had lived in these days and been bred on shilling shockers. Divide *Fortune's Fingers* into two equal parts and you will find that the first is concerned with a friendless girl cast among strangers. She dwells in a vast lonely house with a master quite as eccentric as Mr. Rochester, but much less considerate. He extinguishes two candles because the third is enough to light the room, he deprives her of lunch because she looks "sulky," and he knocks her down because her spelling is defective. She is subject to nocturnal alarms just like Jane Eyre; and, like her, she is confronted with a mystery in the shape of her tyrant's wife, who has been tortured into imbecility. All that is interesting, but, one might say, old-fashioned. The gibe cannot apply to the second half of the volume. One morning Mr. Soleston, the monster, is found shot through the head. Suspicion falls on the heroine, who denies nothing, is tried, sentenced to death, and reprieved. Meanwhile Mrs. Soleston, the invalid, lies unconscious, but in a lucid interval before her death confesses that it was she, and not the girl, who killed her husband. There is a strong element of romance in the volume, which is exciting enough to win the thumb-mark of popular appreciation.

Lying Prophets. By Eden Phillpotts. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

IT is the centuries-old story that Mr. Eden Phillpotts tells: the man of the world, in this instance a painter, thirsting for a new experience; the shy, innocent girl, affianced to a rough sailor, who drinks in his honeyed words, and, trusting him implicitly, is robbed of her good name on the strength of a promise which it is never the intention of the artist to fulfil. Yet out of the old story the author has wrung a new significance, has revealed afresh the dignity of a woman's love, the misplaced loyalty, in face of the world, of which a woman's heart is capable. Joan Tregenza is a creditable if not a great creation. Half Celt, half Briton, speaking the dialect of the Newlyn fisher-folk and voicing their superstitions, her character is in harmony with her surroundings, and her figure stands out boldly against the wide stretch of sea whose waves beat upon the shores of her home. She is a child of nature, and to nature she turns in her great sorrow:

"Kind mother o' the flowers, don't 'e forget a poor maiden what loves 'e so dear. I be sad an' sore-hearted, 'cause things is bad wi' me now Mister Jan's gone; an' I knaws as I've lied an' bin wicked 'bout Joe (her sailor lover); but, kind mother, I awnly done what Mister Jan, as was wise an' loved me, bid."

With relentless persistence Mr. Phillpotts traces the story of that nine months' tragedy to the end, an end involving the death of the artist who painted Joan, of Joan herself, and the mental wreckage of her father, an arch-puritan belonging to a strict sect of Methodists, who turned her from his door

with curses. The book has many merits—scenes well described, conversations in a fascinating dialect naturally carried on, interesting legends interpolated; but it has an outstanding fault—its length. Cut down by nearly one half, *Lying Prophets* would be stronger and more enjoyable.

With Fortune Made. By Victor Cherbuliez. Translated by M. E. Simkins. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE scene of M. Victor Cherbuliez' story is laid in Provence, the land where still linger fragments of old-world romance, superstition, and folk-wisdom, guarded, it may be, by the old Provençal tongue which remains on the lips of the peasantry. But in this uncompromisingly mundane novel there is no suggestion of these things: a less picturesque, perhaps a more ordinary, side of life is depicted. Briefly, the purpose of the book is to reveal the essential poverty of a man possessed only of much money. Riches cannot make rich; he only who has a rich nature and shares it with others can be accounted rich. These truths are brought home to Christopher Trayaz when, in old age, he says, pathetically, "I have toiled and toiled, I have sacrificed body and soul to heap up money, and my heart is breaking of melancholy and ennui." This picture of a large family settling upon a wealthy relative, as do flies on a dish of honey, treats of an infinitely small side of human nature, one despicably mean and sordid. Plot, counter-plot, calumny, back-biting, and an unending array of petty jealousies, flourish in the house of the multi-millionaire, but nothing more. Meanwhile, the central figure, before whom all cringe, laughs at the efforts of each one to undermine the influence of his fellow, and takes genuine interest only in an independent nephew who will have none of his patronage. Less ably presented, the mass of detail would be wearisome; even as it is, despite the skilful marshalling of facts, the reader asks where the elaboration of family genealogy is to stop. *With Fortune Made* is very creditably translated by M. E. Simkins. The characterisation is not profound, but Christopher Trayaz, his nephew, and the Uriah Heap-like steward, are faithful studies so far as they go.

The Queen's Cup. By G. A. Henty. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. HENTY takes some little time to get his craft under weigh for *The Queen's Cup*: the boat has to be built, so to say, her spars and rigging arranged, and she has to be manned. But once launched, she is borne swiftly along before a fair wind. Those who have read much fiction, it is true, gain a good idea of what will chance when they see her on the hulks: yet, if slightly built, she is a gallant little craft and sails well. Of variety the book has ample. The hero, Captain Mallett, takes part in the Indian Mutiny, and as a recompense for his noble deeds in the East the old friendship of Bertha Carew, after one false start, rounds the point of Love. At this stage, however, the villain begins his machinations in earnest, with the result that the gallant captain has to chase

the rascal half round the world in order to regain possession of his coveted prize. There is much adventure, just enough love-making, and the story, admirable in its kind, is told breezily and in a straightforward way. The hero, a 'Varsity man, is not scrupulous as to grammar, and many of his phrases are annoyingly redundant, as, for instance, when he says, "It is years since our paths crossed each other." But these are faults easily forgiven.

A New Faust. By Alfred Smythe. (Digby, Long & Co.)

THE Devil is once more the favourite of fiction. He is popping up all over the place. Whether it is the example of Miss Marie Corelli, or the prevalence of esoteric "Satanism" on the Continent, or whether it is simply a new shudder, we forbear to inquire. At any rate, the poor deuce was not absolutely necessary for Mr. Smythe's purposes in his book, *A New Faust*, which turns rather on the magical properties to be discovered by an extension of modern science than on any moral conflict between good and evil. Dr. Jan van Hoff, who seeks and finds a form of electricity which, when materialised and injected into the blood, makes a man grow younger instead of older, brings in his Evil Spirit not so much by any necessity of the story as with a laudable desire to begin and end it in fireworks. Diabolus, like the "deus" of old, is brought in "ex machina" to raise Mr. Smythe's modern science just a step of weirdness above Mr. Grant Allen's natural magic.

The plot is the thing in Mr. Smythe's story. There is nothing particularly noticeable or new in the characters. Dr. Jan van Hoff, the specialist, discovers in his old age the modern counterpart of the Philosopher's Stone, an electric solution restoring youth to the blood. His discovery makes his old servant think him mad. His friend, Dr. Schloss, the scientist, tries to get him quietly into a handy asylum; and Van Hoff, very inconsiderately, gives himself away by attacking Schloss and hitting him over the head with a chair. That settles it, and Van Hoff becomes a prisoner in the Vaarlem Lunatic Asylum for twenty years, having, however, previously inoculated himself so that he grows younger every year. At the end of this time the scientist's young and lovely niece becomes a "visitor" at the asylum, and falls in love with the handsome lunatic, "Dr. Jenner," as Van Hoff had come to be called by the staff, to whom the only sign of madness he showed was his extraordinary medical skill. We need not follow the adventures associated with "Jenner's" escape by Stephanie's help, and the strange doings in Paris and Homburg when Van Hoff marries Stephanie, and makes use of his wonderful "electra." The interest in the story is well kept up, and the author has made the most of his idea. But his Faust is quite a moral man of science, and there is no Marguerite. It is not a tragedy, but a melodrama; and when Van Hoff at last breaks the spell and falls dead under the burden of the real years that he has lived, his young wife happily marries again.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Hopkin's Pond, and Other Sketches. By Robert T. Morris. (Putnam.)

AS contributions to *Forest and Stream* we can imagine these papers to have been very welcome indeed. In such a journal one looks for something bright and interesting without too curiously examining the diction or style. But many an essay that looks attractive enough in a newspaper seems to lose charm when presented in a book, and one cannot help doubting whether these were worth collecting and republishing. At any rate, a more rigid test than the author's would have rejected a great number. "The Number Nine," for example, is merely trivial, and very little is to be said for the essay which gives the book its title. On the other hand, there are some slight sketches admirably done. That called "One Deer," when you take it to pieces, seems to contain nothing more than an unexciting story of the shooting of a buck. Yet, though it is done simply, the author manages in very few pages to reproduce the atmosphere—the very smoke of the camp-fire—from that lake at the Adirondacks. Mr. Morris has the gift—very rare in sporting writers—of reproducing the pleasures of the chase. English shooters, again, will be glad to read the three papers which he has devoted to as many aspects of the natural history of that most interesting game-bird the ruffed grouse. The fishing sketches are also, without exception, good; but the lucubration on "Wing Shooting v. Ground Shooting" only sets forth principles that are the A B C of English sportsmen. But it is the style that alarms. We accept with resignation the American spelling and the Yankee locutions, which, nevertheless, grate on the ear and offend the eye, but carelessness and inaccuracy are not so easily forgiven. In the fourth line and very first sentence of the preface you have to substitute "has" for "think" to make sense and grammar. When a little lower down the author congratulates himself thus, "I could turn to an old paper and find that I really had thought of nice things once," one wishes he had thought of a nicer way of expressing them. His hopeful feeling that "the pappus of the pen might float a tiny bit of germ to some barren office desk" is to be respected, but a use of simpler language would have rendered fulfilment more probable. For when Mr. Morris would be clever, thus he writes: "That rock's awash aswash. Tighter draws the mussel on his byssus. The seeping barnacles make merry and clap their valves. . . . The lolling pilage of wrack lifts up a sign for help." At times, too, he talks of "cyclefuls of generations"; and is not this "the terrific diction" applied to scenery?—"A quiet spring . . . pours heaps of canorous water pell-mell through a forty-mile chute, straight into diaphanic Lake Superior." This is certainly not the style in which Thoreau wrote his *Walden*, or that in which Mr. Burroughs has won distinction. As a final word, let us beg of the author, should he write a second volume, not to drop into any more poetry—his appendix of verses calls for no other

comment. We point out these faults the more frankly because our author is full of matter interesting alike to the naturalist and the sportsman.

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The Yellow Book: January. (John Lane.)

THIS fantastic quarterly does not grow in strength or beauty. It lacks a policy, a central idea, and has become merely an agglomeration of pictures and stories, all of which might appear with equal propriety elsewhere; whereas once—once things were not so; once *The Yellow Book* was a fighter in a definite, meritorious cause, and contributors were proud to believe that their work was unlikely to be accepted by Mr. Harland's fellow editors. These remarks, it is true, have been applicable to more than one of the recent issues of *The Yellow Book*, but they fit the present January volume with peculiar ease; for not only is there this striking want of a controlling scheme, but the level of excellence of both literature and art is very low. With the exception of Mr. Henry James's study of George Sand's bewildering temperament and Dr. Garnett's experiment in grotesque (which, however, is not in his best manner: not equal to "The Demon Pope," for example, or "The Poet of Panopolis"), there is nothing of the first class; and certain pieces, such as "The Unka," and "Natalie," and "A Little Holiday," have hardly enough merit upon which to base any defence of their inclusion. As for the pictures, they are too poor to be noticed seriously at all, with the exception of Mr. Walton's portrait of Miss Evelyn Sharp. Mr. Henry James is pre-eminently the critic in whose hands may be left the final word as to the suitability of making public the whole story of the relations of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. Mr. James has already written of both the actors in this tragi-comedy; he knows their work through and through; he is a master of subtle analysis; he understands tolerance. From so closely reasoned an article it is difficult to quote, but these sentences may be extracted: "The matter with them [George Sand and Musset], to the perception of the stupefied spectator, is that they entertained for each other every feeling in life but the feeling of respect." . . . "To feel as Mme. Sand felt, however, one had to be, like Mme. Sand, a man; which poor Musset was far from being." For the rest, there are poems by Mr. William Watson, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. Bernard Miall; a story, deft but wanting, we think, in sincerity, by Mr. Harland; a fairy tale, in the manner of *Wymys*, by Miss Evelyn Sharp; and a sombre study of a death-bed by Mr. John Buchan. The first of Mr. Le Gallienne's prose fancies reads like a travesty of himself.

* * *

A Hero of the Dark Continent: Memoir of Rev. W. A. Scott, Church of Scotland Missionary at Blantyre, B.C.A. By W. Henry Rankine, B.D., Minister at St. Boswells. (Blackwoods.)

THE Rev. W. Affleck Scott was a hero rather in the Sunday-school sense than in the wider acceptance of the word; and we

mean this neither as flout nor as jibe. He was quite frankly a religious lad and young man, who yet was fond of games and "larks," as every young man should be, however religious. He very creditably passed through his course of study at school and college, and thereafter took both theology and medicine in order to qualify as "a medical missionary." He went to British Central Africa, to Blantyre in the Shiré Highlands, and, after six years or so of hard, unselfish, and admirable work for the Church of Scotland and the natives of British Central Africa, he died. His story is not of wide interest, though his memory may quite properly be cherished by his friends and by the kirk, nor has the presentation of it any claim to be regarded as literature. The minister of St. Boswells has little or no knack that way. This is the kind of sentence that the Rev. Mr. Rankine perpetrates: ". . . a band of from fifteen to twenty members, composed to all appearance of what are termed ragamuffins when the souls of men are valued by the bodily appearance." Are we not permitted to call a drove of ragged lads "ragamuffins," whatever test of value we may apply to the souls of men? Mr. W. A. Scott was by way of being something of a draughtsman, and two or three of his drawings are reproduced; also, he had a vein of facetiousness of the variety known in the North as "wut," sundry specimens of which his biographer cruelly quotes. His letters have a kind of fierce vivacity, but otherwise are singularly uninteresting save to the few who may care about his religious opinions. His best letter is that which he proposed to call "Fourteen Days on the Kwakwa in an Arab Dhow"; it is distinctly amusing, though the joke of it comes to be laboured and over-wrought. To the end Mr. W. A. Scott, with many admirable and some charming qualities, was remarkably boyish and quite wonderfully raw.

* * *

Letters Historical and Archaeological on the Isle of Wight. By the Rev. E. Boucher James. (Henry Frowde.)

THE Isle of Wight would at first sight appear to be a delightful hunting-ground for the antiquary and the historian, lying as it does midway along our southern coast, and favoured by climate and conformation for invasion and colonisation. But this notwithstanding, its history is singularly devoid of incident, and its surface poor in archaeological remains, as compared with neighbouring counties. It is not surprising, therefore, that its historians have served up again and again the same material, only slightly disguised by their own flavouring. It was, consequently, with no great expectancy that one took up the two volumes, historical and archaeological, on the Island, from the pen of the late Vicar of Carisbrooke, the Rev. E. Boucher James, letters which had previously done duty in a local paper. The advantages of erudition, social position, a fluent pen, and residence in the most interesting spot in the island, have not produced much that is novel. The author has been too much attracted by the fascination of the

remote past, and too little by an interesting present, concerning which he might have been a worthy historian. Until within very recent years the islanders have been a most stay-at-home race, and among the older inhabitants there must be information respecting a mass of interesting folklore and customs, which will soon be a matter of tradition now that railways have everywhere seamed the Island's surface. Then, again, we have the country life of the late Poet Laureate, with whom the author was on terms of intimacy, and which would have been of more than ephemeral interest. As it is, the volumes have reached their present bulk by the insertion of papers on events which have often only a slight, and sometimes no local interest, and others where nine-tenths have nothing to do with the Island. For instance, the incident of the Dutch Fleet under William of Orange slackening sail off the island for Divine service in 1687, an incident which in itself occupies but half a page, is utilised for two papers extending to close on a score pages. So again Fielding's having to put into Ryde from stress of weather on his voyage to Lisbon is material for papers on "The Island a Century Ago" and "A Voyage in Search of Health." Again, papers on the "Scene of Charles I.'s Execution and his Exhumation" have nothing to do with the Island. A point is made in the preface that the volumes have been edited by more than one competent person. How, then, do we account for the insertion of an account of the Isle of Wight Transit Company? a lamentable failure a dozen years ago, but which is entitled "a venture to which great hopes of success are attached." Compressed into one volume the work would have been a valuable one; as it is, its expansiveness has seriously affected its value.

Book Prices Current. Edited by J. H. Slater. Vol. X. (Elliot Stock.)

THE editor of this useful work is alive to the need of making it an easy one to consult in the shop or the saleroom. To this end a subject-index is now added, and the general index is fuller and better displayed than hitherto. The latter shows, by means of asterisks, what entries have been annotated by the editor. It appears, from Mr. Slater's interesting Introduction, that from December, 1895, to November, 1896—the period covered by this volume—47,000 lots of books have changed hands at the average price of £1 13s. 10d. per lot. In 1893 the average price was £1 6s. 7d., and Mr. Slater attributes the steady rise to improvement in trade generally and also in the quality of the books offered. At the same time it is to be considered that the generous average for 1896 is partly due to a small and special leaven of extremely valuable books fetching sensational prices. Thus two copies of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, printed by Caxton about 1478, brought between them nearly three thousand pounds. We note, without poignant regret, that large-paper and limited editions of contemporary writers have declined in value—in fact, have "totally vanished."

Famous British Warships and their Commanders. By Walter Wood. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THERE are stories which can hardly be marred in the telling, and this book is full of such; it is not the less to the author's credit that he has told them well. His aim has been to relate the stories of England's great naval victories in terms of ships and men. We are always on shipboard. "The *Revenge* and Sir Richard Grenville," "The *Centurion* and Lord Anson," "The *Triumph* and Admiral Blake," "The *Formidable* and Lord Rodney"—such is the pattern of Mr. Wood's fourteen chapter-titles. But he says it was no easy task to collect details of men-of-war. A ship of war does not, like a regiment, blazon her past honours on a flag of her own; and Mr. Wood endorses Commander Robinson's suggestion that this privilege should be extended to the navy. However, the author has done very well with his materials. His narratives stir the blood. Here is one concerning Lord Howe's action on the First of June. The French thought there would be no fight—

"When, between seven and eight o'clock on that memorable Sunday morning, the fleets being about four miles apart and going parallel in line of battle, Howe hove to and gave the men their breakfasts, Captain Troubridge, an English prisoner on the French *Sans Pareil*, was taunted with the remark that 'there will be no fight to-day, your admiral will not venture down.' The Englishman told his captors to wait a bit: 'English sailors never like to fight on empty stomachs,' he said. 'I see the signal flying for all hands to breakfast, after which, take my word for it, they will pay you a visit.' The visit was paid, and the *Sans Pareil* was towed off to England."

There are dozens of such anecdotes that one would fain transcribe for sheer delight in them.

Tobacco Talk and Smoker's Gossip. (George Redway.)

THIS collection of tobacco stories reaches its seventh thousand in the pocket edition (printed in green ink, and bound in scarlet) which lies before us. We turn with special interest to those which combine the flavours of tobacco and literature—how well these have always combined! The editor reminds us on p. 38 of the disconcerting fact that Shakespeare—he, the myriad-minded—never once mentions tobacco. Nothing can console the smoker for this. One thanks Spenser, who called tobacco "divine," and Ben Jonson, who declared it "the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man." But one remains angry and regretful at the great omission. True it is that Shakespeare could not have made any of his characters smoke without an anachronism; but we have forgiven him worse—and Polonius cries for a pipe. Milton, be it remembered, smoked his pipe and drank a glass of water with it before retiring. Lamb's pipe, Thackeray's cigar, Tennyson's churchwarden are here, and many another mighty instrument of thought and fancy; but the editor wisely sautes his book with some stories against smokers. We had not met

before with the one about Mr. Swinburne, who, finding every room at the Arts Club filled with smokers, delivered himself aloud as follows: "James I. was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward; but I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking."

The Persuasive Hand, and Other Sayings and Essayings. By the Author of *Times and Days*. (Chiswick Press.)

THIS is a feeble attempt in *pensée* writing. A successful *pensée* suggests that its author has given us the wisdom of fifty thoughts in one. Its perfect style should seem to come from the heat of that fusion. But here the thoughts are mere single thoughts, commendable but loose. Many are the mere commonplaces of talk: "You must go abroad to know the taste of home"; "Luxury is a poor equivalent for comfort"; "How a joke flouts you if you tell it to some one who does not appreciate it." Others are ambitiously futile: "There is more sadness in the world than children know of"; "Love at first sight is only the heart bursting its dam." We like the "only." In other of his thoughts the author expresses a grudge against success; but even his bitterness is not convincing. Best we like the following: "There is a close affinity between minds. Every book seems to me to be little more than a plagiarism from my unwritten MS. When it is not, it is not worth reading."

Poems by Matthew Arnold. Selected and

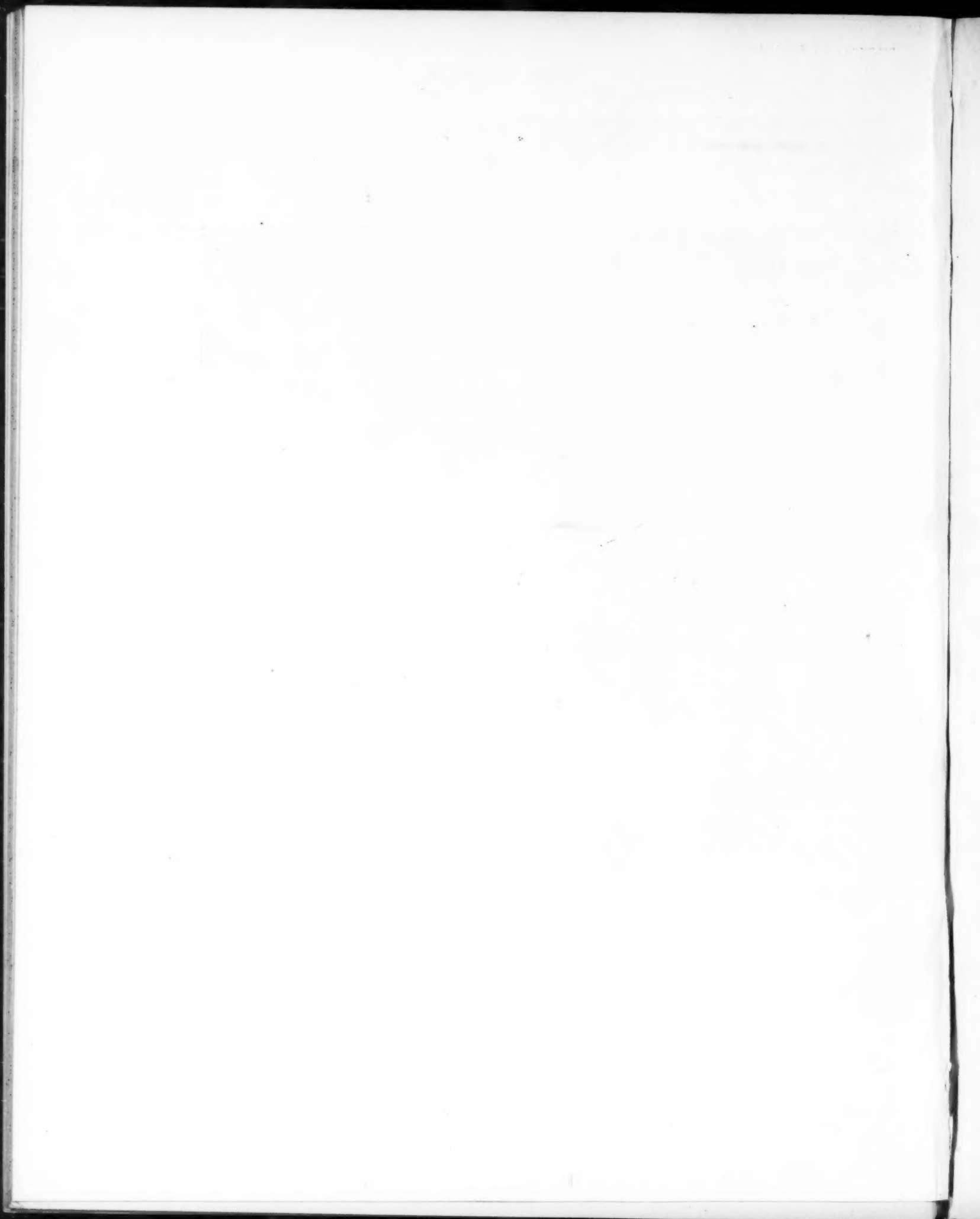
Edited by G. C. Macaulay. (Macmillans.)

THIS, a new volume of "Macmillans' English Classics," is, we believe, the first collection of the poems of Matthew Arnold which has been prepared for the use of schoolboys. Granted that nothing can be too good to assist the young mind to excellence, we have little but praise for this book; yet we are by no means assured that it is prudent to lay such an exquisite poem as, say, "The Forsaken Merman" before a scholar whose sense of poetical beauty was but recently awakened. This sense being one that only time and age can rightly develop, it follows that to offer to children poems of such maturity of thought and perfection of style as many of Arnold's is to overtax their comprehension in a way that may mean disappointment in the future. And Matthew Arnold, it must be remembered, was weary and disillusioned, and he wrote for men in like plight; schoolboys are not weary or disillusioned. Mr. Macaulay, however, has chosen poems less of a reflective character than narrative and descriptive; although "Dover Beach," "A Southern Night" and "Rugby Chapel" are among the inclusions. He explains the omission of "Sohrab and Rustum," which we should have thought would have been his first choice. The notes are interesting: boys who are intending to proceed from school to Oxford will never regret the fulness with which "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar-Gipsy" are treated.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (AT 23)

From the Picture by Peter Vandyke in the National Portrait Gallery



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ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XIII.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE is (with the exception of Pope) perhaps the only poet who was a genius to his schoolfellows—and, more wonderful still, to his schoolmaster. At Christ's Hospital his Greek and philosophy were things sensational to all. How he afterwards left Oxford and enlisted, how he made an indifferent trooper and was bought out, how he came in contact with Southey and later with Wordsworth; of the Pantisocratic scheme and its failure; of the "Lyrical Ballads" and their failure, Macaulay's schoolboy would think it trite to speak. Those were the golden days of the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel"; the days when even women like Dorothy Wordsworth sat entranced while the young man eloquent poured out talk the report of which is immortal. Of that Coleridge one could wish a Sargent or Watts to have left us a portrait, which would have settled, for one thing, whether his eyes were brown, as one observer says, or gray as others declare—though it is by a curious error that even De Quincey attaches to him the famous line of Wordsworth about the "noticeable man with large gray eyes." Then came ill-health and opium. Laudanum by the wineglassful and half-pint at a time soon reduced him to the journalist lecturer and philosopher who projected all things, executed nothing; only the eloquent tongue left. So he perished—the mightiest intellect of his day; and great was the fall thereof. There remain of him his poems, and a quantity of letters painful to read. They show him wordy, full of weak lamentation, deplorably feminine and strengthless.

* As De Quincey himself shows elsewhere, the passage in question refers probably to Sir Humphry Davy—certainly not to Coleridge.

No other poet, perhaps, except Spenser, has been an initial influence, a generative influence, on so many poets. Having with that mild Elizabethan much affinity, it is natural that he also should be "a poets' poet" in the rarer sense—the sense of fecundating other poets. As with Spenser, it is not that other poets have made him their model, have reproduced essentials of his style (accidents no great poet will consciously perpetuate). The progeny are sufficiently unlike the parent. It is that he has incited the very sprouting in them of the laurel-bough, has been to them a fostering sun of song. Such a primary influence he was to Rossetti—Rossetti, whose model was far more Keats than Coleridge. Such he was to Coventry Patmore, in whose work one might trace many masters rather than Coleridge. "I did not try to imitate his style," said that great singer who has but just passed from us.

"I can hardly explain how he influenced me: he was rather an ideal of perfect style than a model to imitate; but in some indescribable way he did influence my development more than any other poet."

No poet, indeed, has been senseless enough to imitate the inimitable. One might as well try to paint air as to catch a style so void of all manner that it is visible, like air, only in its results. All other poets have not only a style, but a manner; not only style, but features of style. The style of Coleridge is bare of manner, without feature, not "distinguishable in member, joint, and limb"; it is, in the Roman sense of *morum*, mere style; style unalloyed and integral. Imitation has no foothold; it would tread on glass. Therefore poets, diverse beyond other men in their appreciation of poets, have agreed with a single mind in their estimate of this poet; no artist could refrain his homage to the miracle of such utterance. To the critic has been left the peculiar and purblind shame of finding eccentricity in this speech unflawed. It seems beyond belief; yet we could point to an edition of Coleridge, published during his lifetime, and preceded by a would-be friendly memoir, which justifies our saying: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The admiring critic complains of Mr. Coleridge's affectations and wilful fantasticalness of style; and he dares to cite as example that wonderfully perfect union of language and metre:

"The night is chill, the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

Critics, wrapped in "cock-sureness," to warn, not to discourage you; poets, branded with affectation, to give you heart, not recklessness; we recall the fact that this lovely passage was once thought affected and fantastic. There is not one great poet who has escaped the charge of obscurity, fan-

tasticalness, or affectation of utterance. It was hurled, at the outset of their careers, against Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning. Wordsworth wrote simple diction, and his simplicity was termed affected; Shelley gorgeous diction, and his gorgeousness was affected; Keats rich diction, and his richness was affected; Tennyson cunning diction, and his cunning was affected; Browning rugged diction, and his ruggedness was affected. Why Coleridge was called affected passes the wit of man, except it be that he did not write like Pope or the elegant Mr. Rogers—or, indeed, that all critical tradition would be outraged if a mere recent poet were not labelled with the epithet made and provided for him by wise critical precedent. If this old shoe were not thrown at the wedding of every poet with the Muse, what would become of our ancient English customs?

But critic and poet, lion and lamb, have now lain down together in their judgment of Coleridge; and abundance of the most excellent appreciation has left no new word about him possible. The critic, it is to be supposed, feels much the same delicacy in praising a live poet as in eulogising a man to his face: when the poet goes out of the room, so to speak, and the door of the tomb closes behind him, the too sensitive critic breathes freely, and finds vent for his suppressed admiration. For the last thirty years criticism has unburdened its suppressed feelings about Coleridge, which it considerably spared him while he was alive; and his position is clear, unquestioned; his reputation beyond the power of wax or wane. Alone of modern poets, his fame sits above the power of fluctuation. Wordsworth has fluctuated; Tennyson stands not exactly as he did; there is reaction in some quarters against the worship of Shelley; though all are agreed Keats is a great poet, not all are agreed as to his place. But around Coleridge the clamour of partisans is silent: none attacks, none has need to defend. "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "Genevieve" are recognised as perfectly unique masterpieces of triumphant utterance, and triumphant imagination of a certain kind. They bring down magic to the earth. Shelley has followed it to the skies; but not all can companion him in that rarefied ether and breathe. Coleridge brings it in to us, floods us round with it, makes it native and apprehensible as the air of our own earth. To do so he seeks no remote splendours of language, uses no brazier of fuming imagery. He waves his wand, and the miracle is accomplished before our eyes in the open light of day; he takes words which have had the life used out of them by the common cry of poets, puts them into relation, and they rise up like his own dead mariners, wonderful with a supernatural animation. The poems take the reason prisoner, and the spell is renewed as often as they are read. The only question on which critics differ is the respective places of the two longer poems. "The Ancient Mariner" has the advantage of completion, and its necromancy is performed, so to speak, more in the sight of the reader,

with a more absolutely simple diction, and a simpler metre. The apparatus—if we may use such a degrading image—is less. “Christabel” is not only a fragment, but incapable of being anything else. Not even Coleridge, we do believe, could have maintained through the intricacies of plot and in *dénouement* the expectations aroused by the opening. The second part, as has been said, declines its level in portions. Yet, in opposition to the general opinion, we think that a more subtle magic is effected in the first part than in the “Ancient Mariner”—marvellous though that be. The “Ancient Mariner” passes in a region of the supernatural; “Christabel” brings the supernatural into the regions of everyday. Nor can we see, as some critics have seen, any flaw in the success with which this is done. Yet, perhaps, there are a few—chiefly poetic—readers to whom the most unique and enthralling achievement of all is “Kubla Khan.” The words, the music—one and indivisible—come through the gates of dream as never has poem come before or since. This, we believe, might have been completed, so far as a dream is ever completed; that is to say, there might have been more of it. Obviously, the thing has no plot, difficult sustainedly to execute. It is pure lyricism; and the tapestry of shifting vision might unroll indefinitely to the point at which the dream melted. For, unlike many, we have no difficulty in believing Coleridge’s account of how the poem arose. We should feel it difficult to believe any other origin. We could no more see a shower without postulating a cloud than we could doubt this poem to have been rained out of dream. If there were a day of judgment against the preventers of poetry, heavy would be the account of that unnamed visitor who interrupted Coleridge in the transcription of his dream-music, and lost to the world for ever the remainder of “Kubla Khan.” In the other world, we trust, this wretched individual will be condemned eternally to go out of ear-shot when the angels prelude on their harps; together with all those who by choice enter concert-rooms during the divinest passage of a symphony.

The minor poems of this great poet are minor indeed. “Youth and Age,” “Frost at Midnight,” passages of “The Nightingale,” and one or two more which might be named, in spite of a real measure of quiet beauty, could never support a great reputation. The “Ode to Dejection” has unquestionably fine passages, but hardly aims at sustained power. The Odes “To France” and “The Departing Year” are terrible bombast, though here again occur fine lines. The fingers of one hand number the poems on which Coleridge’s fame is adamantly based; and they were all written in about two years of his youth.

The portrait which accompanies this notice shows the Coleridge of those younger days, with the poet not yet burned out in him; when we are told his face had beauty in the eyes of many women. It is of the later Coleridge that we possess the most luminous descriptions. A slack, shambling man, flabby in face and form and character, redeemed by noble brow and dim yet luminous eyes; womanly and unstayed of

nature, torrentuous of golden talk, the poet submerged and feebly struggling in opium-darkened oceans of German philosophy, amid which he finally foundered, striving to the last to fish up gigantic projects from the bottom of a daily half-pint of laudanum. And over that wreck, most piteous and terrible in all our literary history, shines, and will shine for ever, the five-pointed star of his glorious youth; those poor five resplendent poems, for which he paid the devil’s price of a desolated life and unthinkable blasted powers. Other poets may have done greater things; none a thing more perfect and unaccompanied. Other poets belong to this class or that; he to the class of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

EXQUISITE French, perfect style, an indescribable delicacy of touch and subtlety of irony—in a word, every distinct and elusive quality that go to make up that supreme word “charm.” And having said so much of M. Anatole France’s new book, *L’Orme du Mail*, how far away one is from having said enough! M. France is an enchanter. His style, like Renan’s, has the aroma, the mellowness that long pondering gives to thought when it reaches expression, and which can only be compared with the full-toned flavour of old wine. It has nothing in common with the poetic prose of great *prosateurs* like Rousseau, Bernadon de St. Pierre, Sand, de Staël, or our Ruskin. Rarer still, more precious, more quaint, of the most elegant and limpid simplicity, it is luminous with the mild and tempered tones of late afternoon sunshine: nothing garish, nothing sublime, impassioned, or resplendent. But for a charm so penetrative, an irony so delicious, a perfection so incomparable, all the eloquence of the century might be bartered.

A smile, transparently ingenuous and human, runs through the book, from cover to cover, softening the natural asperities of satire, winning pardon for the little inoffensive touches of rakishness, effacing all deformities of vice and perfidy. From the Puritan point of view, such a book, it must be confessed, is decidedly immoral, because of the glamour and fascination it can cast over any character or scene, however perverse or shady. To begin with, M. France dots no *i*’s. He suggests with delicately playful gravity. So inimitable is his art, that we delight in the frailty and imperfection of humanity, for the charming occasions for wit and subtlety frailty and imperfection furnish him with. What could be more engaging than his exposure of insincerity in the Cardinal-Archbishop in the opening chapter? All his little flatteries and devices to ward off the inevitable accusation, which is the object of the Abbé Lantaigne’s visit, obtain our sympathy through the road of humour and skill. When the fatal name is introduced, he asks, with assumed levity, if M. l’Abbé Guitrel is a candidate for a bishopric, and the austere Abbé Lantaigne indignantly exclaims

that such a nomination would be as great a scandal as that of Cautinus, who so unworthily filled the chair of St. Martin. “Cautinus,” said the good-natured Cardinal-Archbishop (who heard the name for the first time)—“Cautinus, that occupied St. Martin’s seat! Are you quite sure that the conduct of this Cautinus was as bad as they say?” and thereupon the innocent abbé is dragged away from his project. But he returns to it, and this time accuses his rival of buying church objects for the benefit of a Jewess, the prefect’s wife, who covers “seats they tell me are called puffs” with brocaded copes.

“Puffs,” muses the Cardinal; “but if the appropriation of these ornaments, no longer in use, was lawfully made, I cannot see that the Bishop Cautinus—I mean the Abbé Guitrel—did any wrong in taking part in this legitimate transaction. There is no reason to venerate the copes of pious curates as relics of the saints. It is no sacrilege to sell their cast-off vestments to make puffs.”

And when he has got rid of the discontented abbé, he says to his secretary:

“M. Lantaigne is sincerity itself. I esteem his frankness and his honesty. With him you know where you are going, and,” he added, “where you will go.”

Inimitable the abbé’s letter of accusation against his enemy. Here is the fourth charge:

“M. Guitrel is in the habit of going every day, at five o’clock in the afternoon, to Dame Magloire’s confectionery shop, Place Saint Exupère, and there, leaning over the counters, the sideboards and tables, he examines the dainties massed on the plates and in the dishes with a deep interest and a laborious assiduity. Then stopping at the spot where those sorts of cakes, which, I am informed, are called *éclairs* and *babas*, are piled, he touches one of these confections with his finger’s edge, then another, and orders these trifles to be wrapped in a sheet of paper. Far from me be it to accuse him of sensuality because of this minute and absurd choice of a few cream cakes and sweets. But if we consider that he goes to Dame Magloire’s at the very hour when the fashionable class of both sexes crowds there, and that he offers himself for public laughter, we may ask ourselves if the Professor of Eloquence of the great seminary does not leave some of his dignity at the confectioner’s. As a fact, the choice of two cakes has not escaped ill-natured attention, and, rightly or wrongly, they say that M. Guitrel keeps one for himself and gives the other to his servant. Assuredly he may, without incurring blame, share dainties with a person attached to his service, above all if this person has attained the canonical age.”

The relations between the prefect and his wife, both Jews, and the Abbé Guitrel are suggested with finished and delicious irony. Too subtle and perfect an artist to weigh upon a stroke, or punctuate a delicate idea, M. France’s satire is as good-humoured as it is polished. It is the perfection of the high urbane French manner. If it scratches, to the tip of the nails, with their sharpness of point and certainty of tear, the hand is sheathed in soft and perfumed velvet. There is neither sneer nor brilliancy in the mild, false smile, no obvious claim in the charming grace of attitude. He seeks no more elaborate effect upon his reader than a pervasive glow, a delicate feeling of con-

tentment, and this by an equable radiance and a temperate fluency. When the cardinal stoops to a practical joke, it is an eminently austere and erudite one, and when he has fooled the unfortunate abbé to the top of his learned bent he says grandly, "You have rendered me an inappreciable service, M. Lantaigne; know that I greatly esteem your sciences and receive my pastoral blessing." And the abbé, learning of the trick, cries, lifting his sombre and ardent glance to heaven: "The archbishop deceived me! Will that man, then, never tell the truth except at the altar steps when holding the sacred host he pronounces the words 'Domine non sum dignus!'"

But it is not in two columns that such an enchanting book as *L'Orme du Mail* can be adequately treated, nor the tenth part of its beauties, its ineffable grace and quiet unanalysable charm revealed. It is a book to make us thankful for our times.

H. L.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Divagations. Stephane Mallarmé.
Sur les Mines. Maurice Paléologue.
Pour Un. Louis Esnault.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE third volume of *The Centenary Burns*, edited by Messrs. Henley and Henderson, will be published immediately. The Notes, extending to over 200 pages, will contain much novel information about the origin of Burns's songs, from authentic and hitherto unknown MSS. (in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, and others), and various important sources wholly unutilised by earlier editors.

THE proposal to erect a gas-lamp to the memory of the late Mr. Stevenson, because in *Virginibus Puerisque* and *The Child's Garden of Verse* he wrote on lamps and lamp-posts, affords one a beautiful glimpse into the mind of the man who made it. It is evidently a nice mind; but this Stevenson gas-lamp would be extinguished by the laughter of all whose *naïveté* is not unlimited. Better far proclaim that every lamp-post is henceforth a monument to Stevenson. This would save us from seeing a chimney erected to Charles Lamb, because he wrote of chimney-sweepers.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Edmund Gosse tells the inner history of the late Coventry Patmore's mystical work, *Sponsa Dei*. It was written between 1881 and 1883, and Mr. Patmore had arranged with Mr. Gosse to publish the book at a certain time after his death. But an extraordinary incident put an end to this plan. "On January 30, 1888," says Mr. Gosse, "when I had been staying a day or two with Patmore at Hastings he said to me at breakfast, abruptly, almost hysterically, 'You won't have much to do as my literary executor!' and then proceeded to announce that he had burned the entire MS. of *Sponsa Dei* on the

previous Christmas Day. His family knew nothing of this holocaust, and the ladies immediately cried, 'O papa, that is why you have been so dreadfully depressed since Christmas!'"

"He had come to the conclusion that, although wholly orthodox, and proceeding no further than the Bible and the Breviary permitted, the world was not ready for so mystical an interpretation of the significance of physical love in religion, and that some parts of the book were too daring to be safely placed in all hands. . . . The subject of it was certainly surprising. It was not more nor less than an interpretation of the love between the soul and God by an analogy of the love between a woman and a man; it was, indeed, a transcendental treatise on Divine desire seen through the veil of human desire. The purity and crystalline passion of the writer carried him safely over the most astounding difficulties, but perhaps, on the whole, he was right in considering that it should not be thrown to the vulgar. Yet the scruple which destroyed it was simply deplorable; the burning of *Sponsa Dei* involved a distinct loss to literature."

THE theory of the American Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Locke Richardson, that when Falstaff "babbled o' green fields," he was recalling the "green pastures" of the twenty-third Psalm, has moved J. G. A. to address to Falstaff the following lines, which are published in the *Critic*. So much interest is shown in this country in this new reading of Shakespeare that we quote the poem:

"FALSTAFF DYING.

"They say that Falstaff, dying, turned his eyes
From life's buffooneries and dreary mirth—
Knowing he went the way of all the earth,—
And babbled—mark his comrade's dazed surprise!—
Of pastures green, within the land that lies
Beyond the utmost bound of old World's girth.
Didst rave, old Knight? Didst seek, amid
the dearth
Of earthly comfort, one that never dies?
O tender thought! O sweet solution rare!
His groping spirit sprung from God's good seed—
Might he not turn, in this, his last, dread need,
To childhood's teaching of that Country fair
Which seemed so strangely near, now life
was done?
E'en let us grant him this, his race being
run!"

In the current *Century Magazine* is an interesting biographical sketch of Samuel Lover, by his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Schmid. Lover died just about a generation ago, so that it is neither too soon nor too late to revive the memory of his very various talents. By a great many people he is remembered only as the author of *Handy Andy*, a book which shares with *Valentine Vox* the honour of having made thousands of readers laugh for the first time over print. But Lover was a very all round man. As a miniaturist he might have taken high rank. He was overwhelmed with orders for portraits when he ex-

changed Dublin for London, and it is interesting to learn that among the famous and beautiful faces he portrayed was that of the venerable Mrs. Gwynne, the "Jessamy Bride" of Goldsmith.

LOVER also wrote songs which sold well; he played several musical instruments; and in society "Sam Lover," or "Little Lover," was a prime favourite. Yet at home he was everything to his wife and daughter; in short, says Mrs. Schmid, he lived up to his own verse:

"Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,

Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found!"

Later in life his eyes suffered by his painting and etching, and he undertook entertainments which he called "Lover's Irish Evenings." They were excellent fun. Royalties from his works flowed in pleasantly, and a Royal pension for his literary achievements capped all. "On the last morning of his life," says his daughter, "he rose as usual." He who would be happy though an author should learn of Lover.

THOSE who know their De Quincey and remember his wonderful account of the great snowstorm at the beginning of the century, will be interested in learning that Mrs. Hall, of Grasmere, the youngest of those children whose parents perished in that storm, died at Grasmere last week, at the age of 92.

SOME readers are far too inquisitive. In the current number of *Nature Notes*, the organ of the Selborne Society, an inquirer writes to ask: "What is the poison-flower mentioned in the *Sorrows of Satan*, chap. xxvi., 'the poison-flower which, brilliant in colour and perfect in shape, exhales death to those who pluck it from its stem'?" To this the editor dryly replies: "We do not know the 'poison-flower,' and former attempts to obtain enlightenment as to the plants described in Miss Corelli's books have proved unsuccessful (see *N.N.* 1896, p. 213). We presume, however, that the flower in question belongs to the same class as the 'bog-oak' of Miss Corelli's *Mighty Atom*."

In the second part of his penny *Poems for the Schoolroom and the Scholar* the influence of his journalistic training is strong upon Mr. Stead, or more properly, upon his assistant, Mr. R. S. Wood. Indeed, never was poetry so be-journalised as it is here. One would have thought, for instance, that if there was one piece of writing in the world which would never be subjected to the indignity of "cross-headings," it was Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman." But to think so is to reckon without the colossal enterprise of Mr. Stead. Mr. Stead can put cross-headings to anything; he puts eight to this particular poem, in the following order: "The Children call for their Mother"—"But no Response is made by Her"—"They have Heard the Bell Call"—"Why the Mother left Them"—"They go to the Church in Search of their Mother"—"They

hear the Mother Singing: She heeds Them Not"—"The Mother never Returns"—"How Lonely are the Kings of the Sea."

"JOHN GILPIN" is treated similarly, although the child who cannot follow Cowper's story unadorned cannot comprehend Mr. Stead's aids to intelligence. But when it comes to Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" there is real occasion for an editor, for only a portion of the poem is given, and the title is altered to the "Pied Piper's Revenge." We gather that this is so because Mr. Stead could not gain the permission of the publishers to print the piece intact. But if they could have foreseen, surely Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. would have granted him full permission, since anything is better than such mutilation. Mr. Stead seems destined to be a source of irritation in Waterloo-place.

MR. RUSKIN's *Stones of Venice* has been translated into Hungarian. The translation will be published by the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The first part has already appeared in print.

LADY PRESTWICH, who is collecting material for *A Life of the late Sir Joseph Prestwich*, will be grateful to friends if they will forward to her any letters, addressing them to Shoreham, near Sevenoaks. These will be at once copied and carefully returned.

THE writer of a good article on "Literature and Music" in the new *Macmillan* is amusingly severe on those writers who have shown by their mistakes that a little knowledge of music is a dangerous thing. Mr. Marion Crawford, it seems, has ascribed *La Favorita* to Verdi; Mr. Black has been found setting a lady down to a piano to play Beethoven's *Farewell*—"a composition unknown to that musician's many admirers"; while the late Charles Reade, after making Peg Woffington whistle a quick tune, tells how Mr. Cibber was astonished by "this sparkling *adagio*." In the opinion of the writer of the article few literary men have shown a more intelligent interest in music than De Quincey. Johnson failed on the flageolet; Goethe and Carlyle understood the value of music, but had no passion for it; Scott had neither voice nor ear, but some taste; Burns had an ear and even a fiddle; Lamb no ear; and Coleridge had no ear, but much taste—a position which he declared to be quite possible.

It is quite time that the fly-away Neo-Celtic movement in literature should be lassoed and put to a task. One is glad, therefore, that Mr. Andrew Lang thinks so, and that he writes as follows in the current *Blackwood*:

"If the Neo-Celts are in earnest, let them provide us with Celtic texts and literal translations of Celtic literature, or do for Ireland, Brittany, and Wales what Mr. Neil Munro has begun to do for the West Highlands. This is the path; to make large claims of the best things in English literature, or in French heroism, for 'the Celtic element' is not the path. Conscious modern imitation of poetry which the imitators, as a rule, cannot read in

the original languages, is not the path. These proceedings irritate the so-called Saxon, provoke his ridicule, and keep alive his prejudices. It is foolish to call Jeanne d'Arc or Walter Scott 'Celts'; foolish to say that a poet must have Celtic blood because, in fact, you like his poetry."

This is Saxon common-sense.

MR. HUGH PRICE HUGHES sends the following reply—a little belated—to the request which we sent out asking for the names of the two books he found most interesting and pleasing in 1896: "I find it exceedingly difficult to answer your question, as I have found much pleasure and happiness in various portions of the writings of Browning, Ruskin, and the completed *Philosophy of Herbert Spencer*. I have also been much interested in the very instructive *Biography of the late Cardinal Manning*; but, on the whole, the two works which have perhaps pleased and interested me most in 1896 are Dean Plumptre's *Dante*—my interest in Italy and Italian literature having been greatly quickened by a long visit to Italy two years ago; and, secondly, a small but extremely instructive and suggestive work recently published by Macmillan for the author of *The Social Horizon*, entitled *Evil and Evolution*. This book, like the *Thoughts on Religion*, by the late George Romanes, edited by Canon Gore, which I have also studied with much interest, is a striking illustration of the return to Scriptural orthodoxy on the part of those who are most saturated with the results of modern scientific learning."

AMERICA is becoming the golden land for the English magazine, as well as that of indigenous growth. *The Strand* circulates there to the extent of 60,000 to 70,000; the *Pall Mall Magazine* sells between 20,000 and 30,000; and the *English Illustrated Magazine*, called across the Atlantic the *New Illustrated Magazine*, is rapidly building up a reputation. Meanwhile, *Pearson's Monthly*, with a first-rate bait in the shape of Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous," is about to begin an American existence. The home magazines, however, completely distance any of ours in popularity.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" will be revived before the members of the Elizabethan Stage Society, in the Middle Temple Hall, on Friday evening, the 12th inst. The comedy will be acted at the dusk end of the hall on a platform. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch provides the music, and Capt. Hutton advises as to the sword-play. It is a few days more than 296 years ago since the play was recited in the same hall, then newly erected, before Queen Elizabeth and a distinguished company, the date of that representation being February 2, 1601. Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., in the introduction to his *Calendar of the Inner Temple Records*, says, in allusion to that event: "As it was the custom of the benchers of the two inns to be present at each other's performances, our benchers were probably present on this occasion. The account of this performance is gained from a MS. diary of John Manningham, a member of the Middle

Temple, who was present at the representation. The passage describing the play is quoted in *extenso* by Halliwell, who gives it in facsimile."

A REPRINT of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* will be published in volume form by Messrs. Constable.

THE volume of the same publishers' "Illustrated Standard Novels" for February is Thomas Love Peacock's *Misfortunes of Elphin and Rhododaphne*, with forty full-page illustrations by Mr. F. H. Townsend. This completes the works of Peacock.

MESSRS. A. CONSTABLE & Co. announce a book on the recent Jameson Raid, by Mr. F. E. Garrett, the editor of the *Cape Times*. In order that his story of the Jameson Raid and Johannesburg Revolt should be thoroughly accurate, Mr. Garrett has secured the co-operation of all the chief actors in the drama, and has thus produced a highly valuable and authentic history of the stirring episodes which took place in the Transvaal at the beginning of the year 1896; but what will be looked for with the keenest curiosity is a special chapter, for which Mr. Garrett has come to England to complete the materials, dealing with the points on which the world has been led to expect startling disclosures in the near future.

A NEW novel by Olive Schreiner may be expected before long.

DURING her stay in England, Miss Beatrice Harraden will see through the press her Californian story, *Hilda Strafford*, which ran through *Blackwood's Magazine* last year. The volume will be issued at the end of this month by Messrs. Blackwood.

THE following work is now in the press, and will be published by Mr. Quaritch: *A Chinese Biographical Dictionary*, by Herbert A. Giles, late H.M. Consul at Ningpo. It will contain about 2,500 lives of the most eminent Chinese statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, painters, travellers, priests, rebels, beauties, &c., &c., from the earliest ages down to the present day. Biographical notices of the Emperors will also be included.

THE first edition of Dr. Jokai's new work, *The Green Book*, was exhausted on publication. A second edition is in preparation and will be ready shortly.

MR. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, who accompanied the recent expedition to Dongola as a special correspondent, has written an account of his experiences, which will be published next week by Messrs. Innes & Co. under the title of *Towards Khartoum*. The book will be copiously illustrated from photographs taken by the author, and will have numerous sketch maps.

THE BOOK MARKET.

BOOKSELLING NOTES.

MR. HENNIKER-HEATON is the publishers' as well as the people's advocate in post-office matters. This week he asked the Secretary to the Treasury whether it is fair that publishers should have to pay postage on books which they forward under legal compulsion to the British Museum. Mr. Henniker-Heaton backed his question by asserting that publishers resent this obligation, and that many of them refuse to stamp parcels.

In reply, Mr. Hanbury professed he could see no reason for relieving publishers of this expense. He said that the British Museum readily recovers the deficient postage. This only proves that the grievance is big enough to gall the publisher, though not big enough to make him fight. He said that the amount of such postage is very small. This only shows that publishers have had to find cheaper ways of delivering their books. It may be that large publishers would never use the post. But the smaller publishers stand differently; and that there is a real grievance is indicated by the fact that the matter has been brought forward sufficiently often to be, as Mr. Hanbury himself said, "repeatedly considered by various Governments." Moreover, the expense, as stated above, must, in many cases, be multiplied by five. Not only the British Museum, but also the Bodleian, the Cambridge Public Library, the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, and that of Trinity College, Dublin, are empowered to say to the publisher: "Send us such a book," and he sends it.

It is announced that among the most interesting literary items to be sold by public auction during the coming season is the entire autograph MS. of Keats's *Endymion*. This MS., which will be put up by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, comes direct from a descendant of the Mr. Taylor, of Taylor & Hessey, who first published Keats's little volume in the early part of the century, and it has never before appeared in the market. The MS., says the *Times*, comprises 181 leaves, and includes the four "Books" into which the poem was divided. The alterations in pencil and pen are exceedingly interesting, and, with the exception of one folio, the MS. is entirely in the beautifully clear and neat handwriting of the poet. In addition to *Endymion*, the same sale will include, also from the same source, the autograph MS. of *Lamia*, which covers twenty-six pages folio. Both MSS. bear the usual "instructions to the printer," and are consequently the actual "copy" from which the poems were set up in type.

OTHER autographs which are announced for early auction are some half-dozen letters of Burns. One is to his friend Ainslie, and another to "Clarinda." In the latter Burns writes, in that unhappy, stilted style

into which he so often dropped in his letter-writing:

"MY DEAREST CLARINDA,—You are ever present with me, and these hours that draw by among the fools and rascals of this world are only supportable in the idea [that] they are the forerunners of that happy hour that ushers me to the mistress of my soul."

IN the same sale will be offered (by Messrs. Sotheby) a complete series of sixteen original etchings on India paper, by R. C. Lucas, illustrating *Tam O'Shanter*. These are dated 1841, and it is believed that not a dozen sets were put into circulation.

AMONG interesting printed books shortly to come into the sale room are two well worth mention: a copy of *Childe Harold*, from the library of Sir Henry Parkes, bearing on the fly-leaf the autograph of Lady Bacon, to whom Byron dedicated the poem—calling her "Ianthé"; and a first edition of *Paradise Lost*, inscribed by Milton himself, as a gift to "my loving friend, Mr. Francis Rea, bookbinder in Worcestershire."

THE prices obtained at the sale of book-plates which Messrs. Puttick & Simpson held a week ago (the first of its kind) quite dismayed some old collectors. One, writing to the *Daily Chronicle*, throws up his hands in despair, and says that if the hobby is to become, through the influence of dealers, "a rich man's expensive folly," he can no longer pursue it. But he should be more philosophical. Every fad has its stages, and the stage at which it attracts the wealthy ignoramus is not entirely without compensations to the indigent connoisseur. It engenders activity; activity engenders new facts and discoveries. The preservation of the objects of his love is at least ensured, and often he has but to play a waiting game to triumph.

CERTAINLY the prices given in the above sale must have disconcerted those who had been used to buy book-plates with their loose coppers. The 278 lots catalogued by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson produced about £300. Here are a few of the more interesting results: An armorial plate of Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, £1 4s.; a plate of the Honourable Mistress Primerose, a member of the Rosebery family, 15s.; a scarce example of Philip Sydney, Earl of Leicester, dated 1704, £1 3s.; a fine armorial plate of Thomas Penn, of Stoke Pogis, in the county of Bucks, son of the founder of Pennsylvania, £6; a pictorial plate of Andrew Lumisden, private secretary of the Stuart Princes, engraved and signed by Sir Richard Strange, the eminent picture collector and engraver, £1 10s.; the Chippendale plate of David Garrick, with bust of Shakespeare, £1 10s.; one of the earliest specimens of the style known as "book-plate" plates, Dr. A. Charlton, about 1699, £1 18s.; the portrait bookplate of Jacob Gibbs, the architect of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, dated 1736, £1; the emblematic plate with arms of Sir F. Cunliffe, engraved by Bartolozzi, £1 6s.; a set of seven plates of the Walpole family, £3 12s.; and Hogarth's finely engraved plate, £1 10s.

MR. KARSLAKE's window exhibitions in the Charing Cross-road are attracting the attention they deserve. This week the display consists of a collection of rare and early portraits of the Royal Family. One of the nine items offered by Mr. Karslake is a framed proof impression of the engraving by Samuel Cousins of Winterhalter's portrait group of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and others. The other items are royal portraits and groups and a framed autograph of Her Majesty the Queen.

MR. CEDRIC CHIVERS, of Bloomsbury, whose monthly lists of newly published books are known to most booksellers, has issued his twelve lists for 1896 as a new yearly volume, forming a record of the publications of the year. The books are arranged in numerical sequence month by month under their authors' names. The full title, the price, and the publisher are given, and many of the books have been annotated in a practical way. An index of subjects and titles, and another of authors, complete a very useful, as it is certainly a well printed, publication. We shall consult it frequently.

As showing the continued popularity of C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, it is stated that Messrs. Passmore received the other day a single order for a million sermons by the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

SOME BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

WE continue, below, our brief comments on catalogues of books which have reached us from second-hand booksellers in various parts of the country:

MR. THOMAS SIMMONS (Charing Cross-road, W.C.):

MR. SIMMONS's list opens with an item of considerable interest to readers of antiquarian tastes. This is a complete set of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries of London, from the beginning in 1770 down to 1895 inclusive; also the Royal Charter, statutes, and orders and regulations of the Society; in all, seventy-eight volumes. The illustrations in these are very numerous, many being in colour, and the contributors include such antiquarians as Dr. Stukeley, Sir W. Hamilton, Captain Grose, Samuel Lysons, Sir John Lubbock, and Dean Stanley. Mr. Simmons's price is thirty guineas. On another page we note a copy of vol. ii. of *Ben Jonson*, belonging to the edition of 1640, concerning which Mr. Simmons states: "It is Charles II.'s copy when Prince of Wales, having the 'C.P.' with the 'Feathers' and motto 'Ich Dien' stamped in gold on the sides. Books from the library of the Merry Monarch are of extreme rarity. The above is a particularly interesting example; the father and mother of Charles appearing in the 'Names of the Masquers.'" This volume is priced at five guineas. Among less expensive volumes catalogued by Mr. Simmons is Mr. Robert Buchanan's essay on *The Fleshly School of Poetry and other Phenomena of the Day*. The withdrawal of this book early in its career has made it rare, and for this copy, which is bound by Rivière in crushed levant, the price is £1.

HENRY YOUNG & SONS (Liverpool):

The list just issued by this firm is a very good specimen of what a second-hand bookseller's list

should be. It is full and various and well classified. A copy of the first edition of Sir John Denham's *Poems and Translations*, with *The Sophy* in its original calf binding, is listed at £1 10s. It contains the separate title-page to *The Sophy*, which is so often missing. A large-paper copy of Captain Gronow's *Reminiscences and Recollections*, that storehouse of anecdotes of camps, courts, and clubs, is offered here for £3 3s. It should be added that the two volumes contain a double set of plates, one set being proofs before letters, and the other proofs coloured by hand. This copy is one of a small edition issued in this manner to subscribers. A number of the finest productions of the Kelmscott Press are catalogued by Messrs. Young & Sons, including *The Golden Legend*, *The Life and Death of Jason*, Chaucer's *The Flower and the Leaf*, &c., at moderate prices. A scarce item in this catalogue is a facsimile of the Map of the World which Richard de Bello made in the year 1300. The original is now at Hereford, and concerning it there is this interesting note. "It is," next to Ptolemy's, "the oldest map of the world extant, and a very interesting account of it will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1813. The world is represented as a sphere surrounded by the ocean; Jerusalem is in the centre, the south is at the top, and the north at the bottom; and illustrations of mythical men, animals, fishes, &c., thought to be indigenous to the various foreign countries abound. At the bottom right-hand corner of the map is a drawing of the author, Richard de Bello, on horseback, accompanied by his page and hound; and in the left-hand corner the Pope of that day is represented holding a document, on which is the seal of Caesar Augustus, intimating that the whole world is to be taxed. At the top is represented Christ and the angels admitting some spirits into heaven and condemning others to hell. The map measures 71 by 61 inches when open, but when closed only 16 by 12½ inches." Messrs. Young's price for the facsimile is £1 5s.

MESSRS. DOUGLAS & FOULIS (Edinburgh):

This Edinburgh firm's catalogues are usually rich in learned and antiquarian works. In a list filling forty-two double-column pages, we note the following entries: *The Buke of Saint Albans*, reproduced in facsimile from the edition of 1486, with an introduction by William Blades; quarto, £1 1s. *National MSS. of Scotland*, being facsimiles photo-zincographed by Colonel Sir H. James, in 3 vols., atlas folio, £6 10s. *MSS. Collections for the Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount*, by George Chalmers, with glossary and a letter in the handwriting of Archibald Constable, respecting the publication, quarto, half-calf, £3. The list includes family histories of Dundas of Fingask, the Gordons, the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and others. We espay also Leigh Hunt's *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, with twenty-five illustrations by Richard Doyle, the first edition, £1 12s.

MESSRS. DEIGHTON & BELL (Cambridge):

A Cambridge bookseller's list is sure to express Cambridge, and this is the case with the list before us. The youth and vigour of the University are reflected in this catalogue of standard works mainly in modern, well-edited editions. A complete set of Mr. A. H. Bullen's editions of *Elizabethan Poetry and Drama* in nine volumes, of which some have become very scarce, is offered at £12. The *British Essayists*, as collected by Chalmers in thirty-eight duodecimo volumes, with portraits, and including the *Tattler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, &c., cannot be dear at £2 15s. From these it is a sharp transition to a set of the works of that delightful literary flaneur, Octave Uzanne, whose exquisite *The Fan and The Sunshade*, *The Glove*, and *The Muff* are priced at £1 7s. 6d. each. Messrs. Deighton & Bell have numerous entries under Shakespeare, Tennyson, R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, the Shelley Society, Ruskin, and the Kelmscott Press. The late Mr. John Addington Symonds's *Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*, the first edition, with fifty reproductions, is priced £3 3s., and the late Mr. P. G. Hamerton's *Graphic Arts*, in Roxburghe binding, £5 5s.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR list of new books to hand is this week fairly long and various. Under Theology we have Dr. George S. Keith's new work, *A Plea for a Simpler Faith* (Kegan Paul). It will doubtless attract many of the readers who have lately called for six editions of his similarly entitled work, *A Plea for a Simpler Life*. The issue of *The Modern Reader's Bible* (Macmillans) has reached *The Chronicles* in the chronological order of books adopted by the editor. As in the other volumes, the Revised Version is used. Under Philosophy the translation of Zeller's works on *Aristotle and the Earlier Peripatetics*, issued by Messrs. Longmans, should be noted.

History is represented by four books, of which two are histories of Canada and France. The "Famous Scots" Series (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier) is continued in Mr. W. Keith Leask's *James Boswell*. A military biography of considerable interest is a *Life of "Redan Windham,"* being the Crimean Diary and Letters of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Ash Windham. The book is written by Captain Charles Windham, son of General Windham, and has an introduction by Sir William Howard Russell.

Politics in 1896, a new year-book, issued by Mr. Grant Richards, and edited by Mr. Frederick Whelen, has been very fully announced, and now arrives as a well-printed and handy volume in red cloth. A diary and an index are appended to the five articles of which the book is composed, treating of Home and Foreign Affairs, the Services, the United States, and London.

A new and important work on the British Navy, published by Mr. Murray, is *The Navy and the Nation; or, Naval Warfare and Imperial Defence*, by Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke and James R. Thursfield.

THEOLOGY.

STUDIES IN THEOLOGY. By Guy Silvester. John Heywood (Manc'ester). 1s. 6d.
GOD, THE CREATOR AND LORD OF ALL. By Samuel Harris, D.D. T. & T. Clark (Edinburgh). 2 vols. 16s.
THE MAGDALEN PRAYER. Twelfth edition. Mowbray & Co.

QUESTIONS ON THE CHURCH CATECHISM. By W. Fraser Hardcock, M.A. Home Words Office. 2s. 6d.
THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: THE CHRONICLES. Macmillan.

A PLEA FOR A SIMPLER FAITH. By George S. Keith. Kegan Paul.
CHRIST NO PRODUCT OF EVOLUTION. By Rev. George Henslow. George Stoneman.

PHILOSOPHY.

ARISTOTLE AND THE EARLIER PERIPATETICS. Translated from Zeller by B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A., and J. H. Muirhead, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. 24s.

HISTORY.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: CANADA. By J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G. T. Fisher Urwin. 5s.
HISTORY OF THE ARMENIANS IN INDIA. By Mesroby J. Seth. Lucas & Co.
THE GROWTH OF THE FRENCH NATION. By George Burton Adams. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
THE FALL OF THE CONGO ARABS. By Sidney Langford Hinde. Methuen & Co. 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

FAMOUS SCOTS SERIES: JAMES BOSWELL. By W. Keith Leask. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.
THE CRIMEAN DIARY AND LETTERS OF LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES ASH WINDHAM, K.C.B. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF DE BROSSES. Translated by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF FÉNELON. By Andrew Michael Ramsay. J. & R. Parlane (Paisley).

SCIENCE.

MAGNETIC FIELDS OF FORCE. By H. Ebert. Translated by C. V. Burton, D.Sc. Part I. Longmans, Green & Co.

SOCIOLOGY.

THE SAXON AND THE CELT. By J. Mackinnon Robertson. London University Press Ltd.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY. Edited by Rev. Adam Gunn and John Mackay. *Celtic Monthly Office* (Glasgow).

VISITS TO MONASTERIES OF THE LEVANT. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. Republished by George Newnes, Ltd.

NATURAL HISTORY.

LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. Government Printing Office (Washington).

ANTIQUITIES.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUTHERS SOCIETY: VOL. XCV. Andrews & Co. (Durham).

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

MUSA MEDICA. By J. Johnston, M.D. The Savoy Press.
CHRIST AND THE COURTESAN. By R. H. Fitzpatrick. W. Stewart & Co.

ODDS AND ENDS. By an Odd Fellow. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE SOURCES OF SPENSER'S MYTHOLOGY. By Alice Elizabeth Sawtelle. Silver, Burdett & Co. (Boston).

FICTION.

BEYOND THE PALE. By B. M. Croker. Chatto & Windus
THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF NIGHT. By Derek Vane Hutchinson & Co. 3s. 6d.

AN OAK OF CHIVALRY. By Mrs. John Procter. Digby Long & Co. 6s.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN OF J. By George Morgan. J. B. Lippincott Company (Philadelphia).

FOR THE WHITE ROSE OF ARNO. By Owen Rhoscomyl. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

MERE SENTIMENT. By A. J. Dawson. John Lane. 3s. 6d.
MARGARET MOORE, SPINSTER. By A. W. Buckland. Ward & Downey. 6s.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE. By Harry Lander. John Lane. 4s. 6d.

THE MYSTERY OF DUDLEY HORNE. By Florence Warden. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

ARRESTED. By Esme Stuart. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE SWAMPERS. By Hume Nisbet. F. V. White & Co. 6s.

THE GREEN BOOK; OR, FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW. By Marius Jókai. Jarrold & Sons.

TATTERLEY. By Tom Gallon. Hutchinson & Co. 6s.

THE VILLAGE AND THE DOCTOR. By James Gordon. Methuen & Co. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLITICS IN 1896. Edited by Frederick Whelen Grant Richards. 3s.

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE TO PHOTOGRAPHY. Saxon & Co. 6d.

EVERYBODY'S ENGLISH SONG-BOOK, WITH MELODIES. By Basso. 6d.

THE MYSTERIES OF MAGIC. Edited by Arthur Edward Waite. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

THE STORY OF THE WEATHER. By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. George Newnes, Ltd.

MY FAVOURITE RECIPES. (Anon.) Mawson, Swan & Morgan (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

CONTINENTAL CHIT-CHAT. By Mabel Humbert. F. V. White & Co.

MUSICAL PITCH AND THE MEASUREMENT OF INTERVALS AMONG THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Charles W. L. Johnson, Ph.D. (Baltimore).

THE NAVY AND THE NATION. By Lieut.-Col. Sir George S. Clarke and James R. Thursfield. John Murray. 14s.

GOLF IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By H. S. C. Everard. George Bell & Sons. 3s. 6d.

INFERIORITY. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 2s. 6d.

BULLETIN OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON. Vol. XII. 1892-94. Judd & Detweiler (Washington).

CASA GRANDE RUIN. By Cosmo M'ndeleff. Government Printing Office (Washington).

ABORIGINAL REMAINS IN VERDE VALLEY, ARIZONA. Government Printing Office (Washington).

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

THE Council of King's College are to be congratulated on having successfully arranged to remove the school to a site where it will be possible for it to obtain elbow-room, and to a neighbourhood in other respects better suited to scholastic purposes than the vicinity of the Strand. Owing chiefly to the unsatisfactory nature of its accommodation and its environment, King's College School has been languishing of late years, and had it possessed the necessary means, doubtless the above step would have been taken before. Funds have, however, now been raised by debentures which have been taken up by friends of the school, and the South Hayes estate at Wimbledon has been bought. The property includes buildings which are said to be capable of adaptation to school purposes and to lend themselves readily to future enlargement; while, as there are six acres of land, King's College School will at last possess a playground. The removal will take place at Easter.

THE ratepayers of Islington, voting under the Free Library Act, have by a majority of 3,075 rejected Mr. Passmore Edwards's offer of £10,000 towards the cost of erecting three public libraries in the parish. The refusal of this generous proposal throws a lurid light on the strange changes that take place in the class and the character of the populations of the suburbs, or rather what once were the suburbs, of our ever absorbent capital. The time was when Islington might have been termed a literary, almost a learned, settlement, and could boast a fairly long roll of celebrities in the world of letters. Some fifty or sixty years ago, too, with a population of about 40,000, it founded and supported its own public school, which for many years was a flourishing and highly respectable establishment; reckoning among its head masters the late Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, turning out among its *alumni* (to name specimens) such men as Mr. Justice Pearson, Mr. Grignon (fifth classic in 1846), and the evilly-rewarded maker of Felsted School, Dr. Ballard, F.R.S., whose death was recorded last week; and amassing a very honourable collection of fellowships, scholarships, and other distinctions at the universities. Islington had also its own literary and scientific institution, where some of the most eminent scientists and *littérateurs* of the day would lecture, which contained an excellent library. All this continued till well within the memory of many that yet live. Meanwhile, the 40,000 inhabitants swelled to upwards of 300,000, and before the advance of the builder the better stamp of families steadily retired. Not only the *personnel*, but the whole breed and type of the population has altered—quality has given place to quantity. The local public school has disappeared, the Literary and Scientific Institution has been converted into quarters for the Salvation Army, and repeated attempts to establish a Public Library in this vast parish have met with repeated failure.

THE remarks of the Duke of Devonshire in connexion with the proceedings

of the Head Masters' Association were, on the whole, encouraging. He "trusts that at no distant date" the matter of Secondary Education will be taken in hand by the Government.

One somewhat dangerous phrase was quoted by his Grace with approval: he alluded to the necessity of preserving the "rich variety" of our educational life. This is a quality which calls for careful watching. A "rich variety" which was permitted to be too rich in its variety might come perilously near to a perpetuation of the present chaos. There is one point, and a point of extreme importance, which was not made clear in this speech—that is, whether the proposed Central Authority is to possess powers of prohibition. Apparently it is to be granted powers of persuasion: we trust that this is euphemistic for something considerably more potent. Rein and curb, rather than whip and spur, will be required to keep the team of Local Boards from indulging too freely in a "rich variety" of curvet and caracole. His Grace admitted that

"up to the present time he did not think that the question of secondary education had received at the hands either of politicians or of the public all the attention it deserved; . . . that up to now it had received but a fitful, and sometimes almost merely a local amount of attention";

and he paid a just tribute to the scholastic profession in publicly recognising the fact that the demand for the organisation of secondary education has come from the schoolmaster himself, not from the country at large, which is still to a pitiable extent partly ignorant and partly inert about the matter. As it is by no means certain that any material advantage is likely to accrue to the teacher in consequence of this movement, the impulse is the more creditable. And it need hardly be said that the inspiration has come from the masters of schools which are upon a public footing: the private venturer, whose steady retirement from the field in the face of worthier forces has been going on for some time, and whose final disappearance will happily be accelerated by the measures in prospect, naturally wants no inconvenient investigation or interference. His wants, however, have no claim to be considered. He is a survival of the dark ages of English education; a survival that is not interesting, only mischievous. In conclusion, we are glad to note the numerical progress of a body that has done so much valuable practical work during the half-dozen years of its existence as has the Head Masters' Association: the 109 members of 1890 have swelled into 362 in 1896.

It seems strange that the meeting of the Teachers' Guild should have clashed in respect of date with that of the Head Masters' Association. At the afternoon sitting the Secondary Education Bill was discussed here also, and here also the need for a Central Authority was insisted upon by speaker after speaker. The corollary to this, the absorption by it of the functions of the Charity Commission, was strongly urged by Prof. Jebb.

So, too, in the resolutions submitted to the Lord-President of the Council by the Joint Committee for Promoting Legislation on Secondary Education, the establishment of a Central Authority, and the merging in it of the educational functions of the Charity Commission form the most prominent features; while the "inclusion in local authorities of an adequate proportion of persons possessing educational experience," which appears in one clause, will be a sufficient safeguard if "an adequate proportion" is to be read as equivalent to "a majority." The strong and general feeling that the Charity Commission has been suffered to play its fantastic tricks far too long has not expressed itself a day too soon. The extinction of its educational functions would be hailed with universal delight. The Endowed Schools Commissions would go down to their scholastic grave "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung"; or if any tears fell at their demise they would be tears of joy; if any song were raised, it would be a jubilate or a psalm.

RATIONAL EDUCATION.

The New School, Abbotsholme,
Derbyshire (near Rocester),
February, 1, 1897.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

In your issue of January 23, under this heading, appears a review of Mr. De Brath's book, *The Foundations of Success*. Prof. Ramsay expresses the hope "that its teaching may be ere long translated into action." Will you allow us to point out that, at the "New School, Abbotsholme," founded in 1889 by Dr. Cecil Reddie, its present headmaster, theory had been translated into fact long before Mr. De Brath gave his book to the world?

We all knew this school at least a year before the appearance of the book, three of us before Mr. De Brath became an assistant-master here in 1894; and on reading the book we could not fail to see the curious resemblance which its educational views and methods bear to our work here.

The author, while acknowledging his obligations to various writers for many of his theories, omits to mention that he had practical experience here of what is essentially the system he advocates. He leaves the public to understand that the system has yet to be tried in England. That this is the inference of the public is shown by the reviews in the ACADEMY and the *Times*.

We are glad to see the principles in which we believe, even many of the details of our work, set forth in this book in so luminous and portable a form, but we cannot help thinking that the author would have made a stronger case for his opinions had he mentioned a school where most of his theories have been put into practice, we venture to hope with some measure of success.

K. NEUMANN,
A. T. H. HAWKINS,
F. H. B. ELLIS,
SIDNEY UNWIN,
CHAS. T. ANSTEY,
G. HERBERT HOOPER

Assistant
Masters.

ART.

FORD MADOX BROWN.

AT the back of the catalogue of this exhibition there is a sonnet to accompany the picture which is the centre of the collection—"Work." We are to suppose that the sonnet is by the painter; but, whoever the author, it ought not to have been printed. There could hardly be a worse sonnet, more encumbered in rhythm or silly in rhyme; it leads off with a trochaic line, and has "its" printed "it's." Nor does the picture read more felicitously. It is to be read, according to the intentions of Ford Madox Brown, and is only by a violence of terms to be called a picture. It is even less a picture, perhaps, than "The Drinking Customs," by Cruikshank, though it has, needless to say, immeasurably better parts of pictures than that frankly disconnected work. The comparison is a cruel one, for Ford Madox Brown not only was a draughtsman of ability, but had a rather distinguished sense of composition. "Work," again, is not, for all its arbitrary thronging, like one or two recent groups of Mr. Alma Tadema's. In these latter there is a veritable disintegrating energy, an effect of explosiveness, as though the parts were on the point to fly asunder. Ford Madox Brown holds his picture in a mechanical union of almost grotesque ingenuity, and even the sobriety of its colour may serve to quiet and contain the overcharged fragments within a kind of order.

THE importance attached to "Work" by those who are answerable for the arrangement of the pictures and for the instructions of the catalogue is, of course, significant of its place in the minds of all who look at a picture as something other than a local and centred vision. These would have a picture loaded with little essays; and the essays are bound to be platitudes. That which Madox Brown had to say was not worth printing, and he painted it. *Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante.* Prose is purged of trivialities by the "Sister Arts," which so make haste to absorb them. What, in fact, has the painter to tell us? That navvies at work on the wayside have a vocation unlike that of Carlyle or Kingsley; that of both these kinds of workers idle women are the opposite; that such women would do better as guardians of poor children than of little dogs. This is the principal; there are other incidents in the background (if the mosaic of such a picture can be said to have a background) such as the roughness of the police to an orange girl, and the leisure of a youngish colonel riding with his daughter. But the chief things painted are those just mentioned. There is no ingenuity in saying them; in painting them there is ingenuity, but not imagination.

INGENUITY—invention—without imagination is apparently the note of Ford Madox Brown's mind. It is proved by a hundred devices. He loves to account for things.

In "The Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester" not a stone strikes a man down but you are forced to find the hand that sent it out of a window. You may have to look under this figure's elbow, and over that one's head, but if you look with sufficient agility you will be sure to find what the painter has ready for you. One of the ladies in "Work" is tossing a tract to a working man. And there, in mid-air, flying, is the tract. The confusion—for this much "thought-out" picture is a confusion to the eye—is worse for the glass that covers it, so that you are not sure whether the tract does not show its title in print; at any rate, the painter gives it in his long pages of explanation; and the incident of the title is a most unpictorial one either way.

FORD MADOX BROWN was a draughtsman of action. He did not grasp action in the strongest manner, but he took hold; and this rare quality—rare even in the minor form—shall not pass without praise. The Danes flying through the little Manchester street are in motion. In several other places is proved this power of the hand, which none of the other qualities necessarily bring with them, and which is not to be learnt. It fails, at times, even him who has it, as in the figure of Jacob in "Jacob and Joseph's Coat." The patriarch is intended to be weakened by sudden grief, but the weakness is weakly expressed. There is something of initial feebleness also in the several "Lear" pictures. One of these was painted after the illustration in the *Germ*: a very hideous illustration, not to mince words, in which the artist seemed wilfully to forego and deny the knowledge he had of the human figure for the sake of some search for a strangeness dear to young men in 1850, as it has been again last year under sillier shapes. That research is always a confession of poverty, and the half-century-old confession is rather a sorry story.

If, however, Ford Madox Browne's action and movement are signs of a not common natural capacity, in expression he fails. Expression in the face of man is one of the most purely and lawfully pictorial things with which a painter has to deal. It appeals to the eye, it is the drama of life. It is the way of communication proper to painting among all arts; and assuredly those who confuse dramatic and pictorial expression with the "literary interest," and reject the two things without discrimination, should be held guilty of that same untechnical, untaught, and slovenly mingling and mistaking of one art with another, against which they profess to give the world an elementary lesson. Ford Madox Brown is as weak in expression as any painter of his time, and this is to say much. As though to offer amends, he makes much of the white of the eye—a once common device; but no amount of white can give an instant of forthright expression. There is generally a peculiar nullity in his faces, and in the women's faces this adds to the coarseness of his types. He chose his models of middle-aged proportions and with stolid

faces. His Juliet is gross, so is his Mary Chaworth.

ACTION is true, direct, strong, and intent in that beautiful picture, "Jesus Washing Peter's Feet," a replica of the one in the National Gallery; and here, too, is a better attempt at beauty of colour than is usual with this painter. Few ingenuities importune us here, and the dramatic character is much the better for it.

As for painting, there is one specimen of exceedingly beautiful work—work of a minor beauty, but exquisite in its kind—called "Waiting." It is a little pearl of fineness and sweetness, and the execution is altogether educated and worthy. Compared with it, the ugly workmanship of the greater quantity of this great aggregate of canvas looks the more wanton. "If a musician," said a painter, "knew as little of his business as Ford Madox Brown knew of his own, would he be allowed to perform at St. James's Hall?" Evidently not, and the difference in public exaction is inexplicable. On the other hand, a writer who knew as little of his business would pass easily enough. Musical performance has led the way into another world of criticism, doubtless for the reason that it is nothing but performance. Indeed, the painter who asked this question was entering upon the useless perils of comparisons; the Arts cannot be made to judge each other, even by way of illustration.

"OUR Ladye of Good Children" has a touch of the higher fancy—almost imagination—not usual in Ford Madox Brown's work. It is in this respect a kind of precursor of Von Uhde—a very insignificant little herald of an important work. The picture pleases. The Madonna, with the help of one or two ministering angels, is helping good English children to bed. The group has arrangement, decorum, and repose, an agreeable light, and tender feeling. The Madonna is, nevertheless, as coarse as any Italian Madonna after Raphael. And the name suggests the question as to what was Ford Madox Brown's position among the English Pre-Raphaelites of the middle century. He was one of them in treating distant things as small in size, but not otherwise affected by remoteness. In his most ingenious popular picture, "The Last of England," the black in the nails of quite a little man, seen through some chinks in the composition of the foreground group, has been thoughtfully painted. Through other chinks you may study the markings of little cabbages, and ascertain the station in life of half an emigrant's head, and the probable character of a small piece of another emigrant's mother. Are we not a sporting nation? There is something of the hunting-field in our cavalry charges; something of the covert in our little wars; in our most English pictures a suggestion of the game.

A. M.

DRAMA.

IN default of certain knowledge that it is a statutable offence, I risk the confession that last Saturday night, at the Lyceum Theatre, I was bored by "Olivia." I do not remember in what year it was I first saw it, but it was at a time when I was less critical or less "cynical," or in some generally happier condition than I am now; for my recollection was of a pleasantly pathetic play, of a dear old vicar, of a beautifully erring daughter, and of an ending which brought tears to one's eyes. Nothing of this remained on Saturday night save the beautifully erring daughter. She was there, but the vicar was become an exasperating imbecile, and the ending was either brutal "social satire"—in which case it was out of tone with the rest of the play—or sheer inanity; and I imagine I owed the beautifully erring daughter to Miss Ellen Terry, and not to the late Mr. W. G. Wills. The fact I take to be that Mr. Wills, who was not without poetic imagination—for with all its faults I claim this of "Melchior"—had an idea of stage effect which was lifeless and wooden, and which cannot possibly endure. His "Faust" is foolish pantomime, his "Olivia" is sentimental folly. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is a novel in which atmosphere is everything, and the conventional, careless plot nothing at all. Mr. Wills came upon it and took the careless plot—its convention was practically dead, even in Mr. Wills's day—and left the irresistible atmosphere behind him. He added his own faults of the theatre, a slap-dash and unconvincing construction and a thin and vulgar dialogue.

THE result is a play where Goldsmith's carelessness becomes childishness, and Goldsmith's simplicity—I must say it—stupidity. You—if you are I—no longer love the vicar: you are enraged with his blindness. You no longer smile at the vicar's wife, or do so by reason of the acting only: you want her narrowness well rubbed into her. You hardly weep any more over Olivia. And as for Burchell—Burchell, nearly intolerable in the book, is an insult and an outrage in the play. I can think of one way only in which to make him conceivable, and that is to regard him as the villain of the piece: This man, whom Goldsmith and Mr. Wills hold up to your sympathies, deserves your direst execration. To gratify his decadent passion for contemplating others' folly he, being Sir William Thornhill, disguised himself as Burchell; he saw the insidious advances of his wicked nephew into Olivia's favour; he witnessed the seduction without turning a hair; he withheld the knowledge that the marriage was real to the end that he might gratify his morbid craving for sensation—an abominable man, this virtuous Mr. Burchell.

As for the happy ending, how utterly immoral it is! Olivia having thought she was married to Squire Thornhill, is told it was a mock marriage, and returns home to be spurned by her mother. Enter Burchell, who explains that the marriage

was legal after all: Olivia at once sainted and caressed. The "social satire" is obvious, but I decline to believe that Mr. Wills intended an average theatrical audience to recognise the satire. No, he meant it for a sentimental effect, and as a sentimental effect it is exceedingly silly. So much for the play.

I WISH I could praise the playing to the extent of my lungs, but I find that impossible. Miss Terry was delightful, altered hardly a hair'sbreadth in her effects from what I remember years ago. When she entered first, laughing on her father's shoulder; when she caressed her little brothers; when she made love with her lover—"Am I? So are you!"—she was a natural girl. I did not think her intensity and pathos very strong; but then strength in those places would have knocked the play to pieces—therefore I admire her reticence. If you have any knowledge of the art of acting, Miss Terry's Olivia is a thing to see. But I pity her for the poverty of her dialogue.

MR. HERMANN VEZIN'S Dr. Primrose was new to me. I confess my recollection is that Sir Henry Irving's was better—fuller-bodied, more fruitful to the understanding. Mr. Vezin expresses a man of thin blood, who saw life as a misty picture, and even when awakened to its realities longed chiefly to dream again. That is not Goldsmith's Vicar, if it was Mr. Wills's. He rose to the occasion once or twice, but once or twice only. I liked Mr. Frank Cooper's Squire Thornhill. He was inclined to over act, and was deficient even in the assumed geniality of the deliberate profligate. But his manner when he undeceived Olivia—a manner compact of brutality, of half-pity, and of dislike of a scene—won me. I thought it almost absolutely right. Nobody can make Mr. Burchell a sympathetic character. Mr. Macklin, by a certain manliness of tone, which the wretch must surely have lacked, makes him less repulsive than he might have been. Miss Maud Milton was a querulous old woman—as Mrs. Primrose—whom one knows on the stage: she was amusing. Miss Julia Arthur was far better in the small part of Sophia than she was in her large part in "Richard III." Mr. Johnson was a credible Farmer Flamborough. Master Stewart Dawson and Miss Valli Valli had no such chance, of course, as they had in "The Holly Tree Inn," but they sustained their incipient reputation. The play was prettily staged in the Lyceum manner.

THE authors of "The Free Pardon"—they were Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. Leonard Merrick—produced on the 28th of last month at the Olympic, seem, more or less, to have attempted an impossible achievement. They have tried to wed dialogue not melodramatic to a plot of the most melodramatic order imaginable. They have not so tried invariably; the facile charms of blank-verse cadence have tempted them to their fall now and again. If they had been consistent, the result would not have been commendable: the touch of reality in sincere dialogue would have exposed the

unreality of their plot. As it is, their occasionally and more or less natural dialogue is an element of weakness, not of strength. For their plot is of the stage, stagey. It assumes that an affectionate father will believe his son to be a forger on the word of the villain, and with no other evidence than a cheque which the villain denies he has signed. It assumes that a woman will tell all sorts of abominable lies on the off chance of the villain marrying her. It assumes other such things, and to come to points of detail, it assumes that convicts wear their hair as before, and having escaped from prison in convict garb can get themselves into their dress of Act I., including nice fashionable collars, in the course of a day or so. Even our old friends, the Adelphi guests, whose decease we have all lamented, reappear in it and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, let us go into supper"; and when the villain's cousin arrives in his country house, where she had lived all her life, these—presumably his neighbours—nudge and wink at one another. I like old-fashioned melodrama, but I like it neat, without an attempt at superior and plausible dialogue.

THERE were one or two dramatic scenes in the play. One, where the hero was locked in a side-room while the villain murdered his father, was nearly spoiled on the first night by the villain's incapacity to open the door, which, if not overcome, would have put a strain on the inventiveness of the actors. I watched anxiously—but alas! the door was opened. Another was where the benevolent wife of the warder concealed the escaped convict (the hero, of course), and the warder thought he was her lover, and the hero gave himself away.

THE surprise of the acting was that Mr. Abingdon was not the villain, but the comic man of the piece. He played an American interviewer with liveliness, but with an impossible American accent. I have heard several impossible American accents on the stage, and have always wondered at them. My own list of acquaintances is not abnormally large, but it includes several people with an authentic American accent, and I should have thought actors had opportunities for studying it. I like Mr. Abingdon better as a villain. The villain in this piece, Mr. O'Neill, was the subordinate fiend in "The Sorrows of Satan"; he was not very good. Nor was the hero, Mr. Hunter, who was too flabbily sentimental. Miss Esmé Beringer was the heroine. She played with effect, but I hope she will not play too often in melodrama, because the encouragement to over-acting, which is her vice, may spoil what is certainly a promise of artistic playing. Miss Vane's repentant villainess was properly lugubrious, but not effective. Miss Cicely Richards was clever and amusing as the warder's wife; Mr. Courtenay Thorpe was earnest, but not particularly credible, as the imbecile and deceived father; Mr. Cockburn was a hearty and manly warder. And I am an indulgent critic.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

IN the *Fortnightly* for this month Mr. Grant Allen performs what may fairly be called a public service. He has set the world right on the subject of Spencer and Darwin. By the world I mean what Mr. Grant Allen calls "the averagely well-read man," not the biologist, who is as a rule self-opinionated. The misconception which has grown up round the name of Darwin is curious, and points to two elemental facts—first, that one is apt to lose sight of the historical sequences of one's age (*pace* Dr. Merz, who in his admirable *History of Modern Thought* regards each age as its own best chronicler), and secondly, that it is a human habit "to find an ostensible figure-head for every movement, and then to attach everything in the movement to that figure-head alone."

In this particular matter it is, as Mr. Grant Allen says, a common error even among well-educated people to credit Darwin with having invented "the Theory of Evolution." A greater error could not well be. If any modern thinker invented the theory of evolution it was Mr. Herbert Spencer, who had elaborated its main outlines before Darwin ever put pen to paper, and who even on the subject of *organic* evolution, which was the field in which Darwin worked, had seven years before the appearance of the *Origin of Species* enunciated the following "Darwinian" doctrine:

"The supporters of the Development Hypothesis . . . can show that the process of modification has effected, and is effecting, great changes in all organisms, subject to modifying influences. . . . They can show that any existing species—animal or vegetable—when placed under conditions different from its previous ones, immediately begins to undergo changes of structure fitting it for the new conditions. They can show that in successive generations these changes continue, until ultimately the new conditions become the natural ones. . . . They can show, too, that the changes daily taking place in ourselves . . . the development of every faculty, bodily, moral, or intellectual, according to the use made of it, are all explicable on this same principle. And thus they can show that throughout all organic nature there is at work a modifying influence of the kind they assign as the cause of these specific differences, an influence which, though slow in its action, does in time, if the circumstances demand it, produce marked changes" (*The Leader*, March, 1852).

In this short abstract of a very remarkable passage we have clearly laid down the principles of "Descent with Modification," which is the doctrine commonly attributed to Darwin. What we have not got is the theory of "Natural Selection," or, as Spencer himself called it later, "Survival of the Fittest," which it was the crowning work of Darwin to have discovered and proved.

AND even here Mr. Spencer, in at least one published essay, came so near anticipating Darwin's great discovery that if he does not quite re-echo Huxley's "How stupid of us not to have thought of that!" he permits himself the mild observation that it "shows how near one may be to a

great generalisation without seeing it." The passage is one on Population, in the *Westminster Review* for 1852; and incidentally it is interesting to notice that it was Malthus's essay on Population which first gave Darwin his idea of the principle operating throughout organic nature.

"All mankind subject themselves more or less to the discipline described. They either may or may not advance under it, but in the nature of things only those who do advance under it eventually survive. For necessarily families and races whom the increasing difficulty of obtaining a living . . . does not stimulate to improvement in production are on the high road to extinction, and must ultimately be supplanted by those whom the pressure does so stimulate."

The passage then goes on to show that premature death acts in the same direction by removing those less fitted, and leaving those best fitted to survive the conditions of life. The inference it fails to draw, but which Darwin drew, is that herein lies the great agency which determines (if it does not produce) different specific characters.

So much for one popular error, that which credits Darwin with the whole of the theory of Organic Evolution. Mr. Grant Allen next devotes some space to refuting a second, that which credits Darwin with Evolution in general, regarded as a cosmical process. I think he here underrates the intelligence of the "averagely well-read man." It is difficult to believe that that individual could be guilty of an absurdity which nullifies the one qualification he possesses, and by which he is known to us. However, accepting Mr. Grant Allen's assurance that there are people who regard Herbert Spencer as Darwin's disciple, let us glance at the more interesting question how far Spencer is indebted at all for the vast theory he has propounded. Mr. Clodd, in his lately published work, *Pioneers of Evolution*, traces the beginnings as far back as the Ionian philosophers, and pauses with quite a loving touch on Lucretius. Prof. Osborn, in his *Greeks to Darwin*, does much the same. This might be regarded as carrying the evolution of Evolution rather far. We trace cause and effect more clearly when we come down to Kant and Laplace, who laid the foundations for Spencer's theory as regards the celestial bodies; to Lyell and Murchison, who prepared the way in geology; to Buffon, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck, the pioneers of modern biology. The social field remained to be added, and this Mr. Spencer has chosen for his special province, working it up together with the other three sides already attacked into the great four-square theory which embraces the whole of nature.

FROM the point of view of this vast and far-reaching work, Charles Darwin's special contribution sinks into a minor place as but one agency exerted in one special field. Not that this is any depreciation of its importance. It is a wonderful work, wonderfully well executed; but it is not what it is commonly called, "Evolution." The subject is such an interesting one, and so vital if we are to understand the proper relationships of the foremost scientific movement of

our own age, that I have gone into it rather at length, and have hardly space left to deal with the question, *Why* has all the praise been allotted to Darwin? Mr. Grant Allen gives what are probably the right reasons. First, as regards the biologists themselves, he supplied the missing clue (I dare not say link) which made Lamarck's doctrine tenable; and, secondly, as regards the public at large, he supplied an irresistible mass of well-marshalled facts in support of his proposition; and facts, as Mr. Grant Allen says—a handsome compliment from a Celt—are the only things which will convince an Englishman.

THE election of M. Gaston Paris, the philologist, to the presidency of the College of France is particularly interesting at the present time, when French science is divided into two sharply defined schools—representing on the one hand pure scientific research, and on the other a reactionary spirit of unwillingness to push inquiry too far. The spokesman of the latter party is M. Brunetière, inventor of the famous, but foolish, phrase "la banqueroute de la science." M. Paris succeeds in his new office to M. Renan, and will carry on the same traditions as that most scientifically minded writer, if we may judge from the fragments of his inaugural address quoted in the press. Taking as his subject the life and work of Pasteur, whose remains have just been so magnificently entombed, M. Gaston Paris referred to science as

"every day enhancing, enlarging, and rendering more precise our conception of the world; transforming the conditions of existence by submitting to definite laws the matter which oppressed us; and as inspiring in its votaries an almost religious enthusiasm."

AN attempt is being made by opponents of reform in the University of London to shelve the reconstitution Bill by the old device of proposing a new Charter, the draft of which is now being handed about. The competence of those responsible for the draft to gauge the situation may be estimated by the circumstance that they have entirely left out the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians from the bodies to be represented on the new senate. In view of the failure of previous attempts to reform the University by Charter, and of the inherent futility of any Charter to effect the most important of reforms, it is to be hoped that this attempt will not succeed. No new Charter granted to the present examining body, called the "University," can possibly give it the authority needed to co-ordinate the scattered teaching bodies in the metropolis. Nothing short of a Commission, armed by Parliament with executive authority, will succeed in this. It would be far better to leave the old University high and dry as a mere Imperial examining board, and start a new real University, than to patch up a new Charter. The dwindling number of candidates for degrees in arts, and the total failure of the law-faculty to keep in touch with the law-teaching in London, are signs of the times not to be ignored. It is much to be wished that the London University Bill might be re-introduced. H. C. M.

MUSIC.

MR. RICHARD GOMPERTZ performed, for the first time in England, Dvorák's Quartet in A flat (Op. 105) at his fourth concert at the small Queen's Hall last Wednesday week. The Czech composer has of late attracted much attention; the "Symphonic Poems" recently produced, seemed to show that his invention was failing, and that he was relying to some extent on what is termed a "poetic basis," one which, in the works in question, seemed of very doubtful quality. In the Quartet in A flat we have Dvorák at his strongest, but also at his weakest. The second movement has charm, character, and finish of form. The Lento, too, is attractive. The first movement, however, seems disjointed, while in the Finale the composer works on lines which recall the past rather than the present.

THE programme included Beethoven's great Quartet in A minor (Op. 132), and the four admirable Vocal Quartets of Brahms (Op. 92). The vocalists, Miss Hutchinson, Mme. Hope Glenn, and Messrs. Walter Ford and Herbert Thorndike evidently felt the true spirit of the music, yet their efforts were not all that could be desired.

LAST Friday week Miss Fanny Davies and Miss Louise Philipps gave an interesting Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at St. James's Hall. There was no novelty, but the programme—including songs by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, also English composers, also pianoforte solos by Graun, Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schubert—was highly attractive. Miss Philipps deserves praise for her artistic rendering of Schumann's cycle, "Frauenliebe und Leben," while Miss Davies played with her usual intelligence and earnestness.

SPECIAL Schubert concerts were given Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. At the Queen's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, only the first part of the programme of the first "Symphony Concert" was devoted to the master. I had hoped that Mr. Newman would at the last change his programme. The new Symphony by A. Glazounoff, or rather the Symphony new to a London audience, is certainly a clever and interesting work, yet there was no pressing necessity for its introduction on that particular day. And so, too, with the beautiful "Siegfried" Idyll of Wagner's. Of the instrumental music on the programme the "Unfinished" Symphony was the most important feature, and Mr. Henry J. Wood, the conductor, may be congratulated upon his reading of that work. He perhaps made his audience feel that he was anxious to render full justice to the noble music; his conducting was, in fact, a little too demonstrative. Such excess of zeal is, however, a small matter; for time and experience, of which he now has plenty, will tone that down. Mr. Wood, as I have already remarked, has natural gifts, and ought to become a really great conductor.

ALEXANDER GLAZOUNOFF, whose Symphony in B flat (No. 5, Op. 55) was performed for the first time in England, is spoken of as "one of the most prominent of living Russian composers." The work under notice testifies, indeed, to his ability; it is decidedly interesting, although, especially in the opening movement where the composer tries to win by help of the "sword" motive, the influence of Wagner is too strongly felt. The two middle movements, Scherzo and Andante, are, at any rate on first hearing, the most satisfactory. It is a curious, yet nevertheless, I believe, a true fact, that modern composers—with the exception of Brahms—do not succeed best in first movements in which depth of thought is the essential matter—the pearl of great price which many seek, but few find. To those who can read between the lines, clever writing and effective colouring only accentuate any weakness in the subject-matter. Glazounoff, however, must not be judged by one hearing, or by one work. We shall soon have an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with him, as he will conduct another Symphony of his own during the coming season of the Philharmonic Society.

THE concerted works of Schubert at the Monday Popular Concert were the Quartet in G (Op. 161), and the Quintet in C (Op. 163) written by the composer during the last year of his life. The Quartet shows many of Schubert's strong, and some of his weak, points. In the opening movement the thematic material is most engaging, while now and again those mysterious tremulous passages seem to betoken something tragic. Also in the mournful Andante there are signs of strange agitation. The Scherzo and Finale display lighter moods, and in the latter there are lengths not altogether heavenly. The Quintet in C with two violoncellos represents Schubert's highest achievement in chamber music. To anyone, however, imperfectly acquainted with his works in this department of musical art this would mean little. Schubert in this Quintet not only revealed the power of his genius, but, with the hour of dissolution nigh at hand, he seemed, as it were, to throw aside all his weaknesses. There is no padding, no digression, no anti-climax. The Adagio was his true swan's song; and never did tone-poet sing more plaintively, more tenderly, more solemnly. The movement was listened to with rapt silence; the applause at the close, though probably well meant—for the movement, and indeed the whole work, was magnificently interpreted by Lady Hallé, and Messrs. Ries, Gibson, Ludwig, and Piatti—broke the spell. There are moments when applause does not seem altogether inappropriate; but there are others in which it is positively revolting.

MISS FANNY DAVIES played, though scarcely in her best manner, the Impromptu in B flat (Op. 142). I cannot agree with Schumann, who spoke of both theme and variations as indifferent or insignificant, but I certainly think that, considering the rich store of music bequeathed

to us by Schubert, a better solo might have been selected. And so, too, with the songs, sung with feeling and intelligence by Miss Bertha Salter. Though "Der Krähe," "Der Tod und das Mädchen," and "Der Wanderer" may be admirable specimens of the composer's lyric art, one might have expected, on this auspicious occasion, a selection of greater importance, and even one or more of the songs recently published for the first time.

THE anniversary was, in fact, celebrated in a half-hearted manner. One could see that from the programme-book, which did not even contain the date of Schubert's death; and the heading, "Schubert Centenary Concert, Monday evening, February 1, 1897," was somewhat misleading. Further on one read that "fifty years have passed since they [Beethoven and Schubert] both died," from which musicians not gifted with good memories might have inferred that Schubert and also Beethoven died in or about the year 1847. That sentence was evidently printed when the Quartet was first performed at the Popular Concerts in 1868. Thus Mr. Chappell's motto seems to be, "Ὁ γέγραφα, γέγραφα." Surely there ought to have been some special reference to the composer, some "appreciation" of his art-work. At any rate, the book might have been up to date. In the analytical remarks on the Quartet in G, it was stated that some of the works (i.e., Quartets) "are not in print." But the world moves on, and those words, true when first printed, are no longer so; all known Quartets of Schubert have been published by MM. Breitkopf and Härtel.

MR. HERMANN KLEIN gave a lecture last Thursday week at the "Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts." His subject was "Opera in England during the reign of H.M.G.M. Queen Victoria. Now not only has the reign of Her Majesty been an exceptionally long one, with a corresponding long record of noteworthy events in the history of opera, but the change in dramatic art, also in public taste, since 1837 has been one of striking import. It was therefore bold on the part of the lecturer to attempt to cover so much ground in so short a space of time; and he could give little more than an outline. Wagner now rules, and by dramatic right, the stage, but it is well that musicians, especially those of the rising generation, should be reminded of days when Rossini and Meyerbeer were the shining lights in the operatic firmament. Hence the lecture, well delivered, was instructive. Meyerbeer had his faults, which some modern writers have strongly emphasised; Mr. Klein, and wisely too, pointed out how the Jewish composer really prepared the way for Wagner. Vocal illustrations were given by various ladies, pupils of Mr. Klein, and it was curious to note that in the programme an Italian name, Rossini, formed the Alpha, and also an Italian name, Mascagni, the Omega. There is, however, this difference: Rossini shone by his own light, Mascagni fell under the influence of one mightier than himself.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. RUSSELL BARKER AND THE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Lincoln's Inn: Feb. 1.

I am sorry to trouble you on a purely personal matter, but the writer of the paragraphs in your issue of January 30 has misapprehended the dates and facts of the case while commenting on the correspondence between the editor and publisher of the *Dictionary of National Biography* and myself.

Instead of writing to the *Times* to explain that the blunder was the editor's and not mine, I went to the office of the *Dictionary*. I found that the editor was away for his holiday. Ultimately, however, I saw Mr. Secombe, who, I believe, is the sub-editor. I requested him to ask the editor to write to the *Times* to explain the matter, and at the same time told him that I should be very glad to come round to see the editor and talk it over when he came to town. When the editor returned to London he wrote me a long letter, in which he endeavoured, unsuccessfully, to show that I ought to share the responsibility, of the mistake with him. He took no notice of my request that he should write to the *Times*, nor of my offer to come round and talk the matter over. As the editor offered me no redress, I then wrote to the publisher. Wishing to treat Mr. Lee with perfect fairness, I enclosed in my reply to his letter a copy of the letter which I had written to the publisher. Had I not sent Mr. Lee this copy, he never would have known that I had communicated with Mr. Smith. Having so far related the actual facts of the case, I have no wish to go any farther into the personal side of the question. The only public interest which arises out of the correspondence is the question whether an editor has any right to alter a signed article behind the contributor's back.

G. F. RUSSELL BARKER.

LEIGH HUNT.

Dealing with Leigh Hunt as a poet, as has already been pointed out in the *ACADEMY*, the only instance of his having really risen to greatness in his work is when, in competition with Shelley and Keats, he produced the well-known sonnet on the Nile. Everything else that he did justifies your description, "superficial"; nor does Mr. Walter Lewin adduce anything, in my opinion, to alter this view: certainly to cite "Abou Ben Adhem" does not help Mr. Lewin's case, as both for thought and expression might it not very well have been written by some amiable Unitarian minister?

With respect to the "cruel slander which links Hunt with Harold Skimpole," of which Mr. Lewin complains, I should like to call attention to the following significant reference to the subject which appears in Lord Macaulay's journal under date December 23, 1859:

"An odd declaration by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt by Harold Skimpole. Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by those light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognise character. Besides, it is to be observed that the vices of Harold Skimpole are vices to which Leigh Hunt had, to say the least, some little leaning, and which the world generally imputed to him most unsparingly. That he had loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*, that he had no high feeling of independence, that he had no sense of obligation, that he took money wherever he could get it, that he felt no gratitude for it, that he was just as ready to defame a person who had relieved his distress as a person who had refused him relief, these were things which, as

Dickens must have known, were said, truly or falsely, about Leigh Hunt, and had made a deep impression on the public mind. Indeed, Leigh Hunt had said himself: 'I have some peculiar notions about money. They will be found to involve considerable difference of opinion with the community, particularly in a commercial country. I have not that horror of being under obligation which is thought an essential refinement in money matters.' This is Harold Skimpole all over. How, then, could D. doubt that H. S. would be supposed to be a portrait of L. H.?"

ARTHUR STONE.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Pickle the Spy." (Longmans.)

TAKEN collectively Mr. Lang's fifteen proofs of the identity of the infamous spy who for eight years dogged the steps of Prince Charles Edward with his trusted follower Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, appear to the *Athenæum* "damning, irresistible." Mr. Lang "has unmasked a dead traitor who has lain unsuspected . . . close upon seven score years . . . And he has done it well. . . . The interest of the work . . . centres . . . in Pickle, but it contains much else that is both new and curious." The *Speaker* takes occasion to point out that "the romantic interpretation of the '45 is largely a creation of the Saxon"; for Scott had not a drop of Celtic blood in him. "Here we have the reality, and a more squalid reality than this it would be hard to find." "The book shows Mr. Lang's fine sense for romance. . . . It is not quite as accurate as Mr. Lang's work ought to be, and it is more iterative and expansive than is seemly in what claims to be literature, yet its interest will not be denied." "It is," writes the *Standard*, "a curious psychological study which these pages reveal; and even if, as their author modestly suggests, the history contained in them is of little political account, it throws a startling light on men and manners during a fascinating epoch." The *Chronicle* regrets that it cannot devote more than two columns to Mr. Lang's "most interesting book, which is, on the whole, a very careful, ingenious, and valuable piece of historical patchwork"; the limitation having reference, it would seem, to the Prince's adventures in Prussia, for the filling up of which Mr. Lang "has had recourse to something very like what he himself sneers at as second-hand chatter." "It is a terrible study of character," says the *Daily News*.

"The Way of Marriage." By Violet Hunt. (Chapman & Hall.)

"For, of course," writes the *National Observer*, "the book is clever, clever through and through, though we are haunted in most of the tales by the sense that the author is not doing herself justice, albeit our admiration for her brilliance teaches our criticism patience, and whispers to us that the fault is in her subject and not in her. *The Way of Marriage* is . . . very far behind *A Hard Woman*." "The candour that physics these illusions [men's illusions, that is, with respect to

women] away," says the *Pall Mall*, "would be very well in moderation, but to be drugged with it overmuch is not only unpleasant, but questionably beneficial." The author is counselled to take her gifts more seriously; to employ them more deliberately; and to do "the larger, nobler, and more comprehensive work for which she has shown herself amply qualified." "It is a stupid, shallow, sordid world," says the *Daily News*, "that Miss Hunt introduces us to. The presentation is clever, even brilliant, but it is not convincing. . . . The most striking sketch . . . is 'The Story of Mrs. Arne.' The conception is imaginative of 'a body that lives and moves without a soul.'" "On the whole," the *Chronicle* pronounces, "Miss Hunt has not quite done herself justice in this volume."

NOTICE.

Although the printing order of the *ACADEMY* has been increased week by week to meet the demand, the issue for January 30 was sold out within a few hours of publication. Owing to the length of time necessary for the preparation of the Portrait Supplement, it was not practicable to publish a second edition: consequently many persons were unable to procure copies. A considerable addition has been made to the printing order of the present issue to prevent a recurrence of the circumstance.

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